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FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY

THE ARREST OF GUY FAWKES.

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"Kings will be tyrants from policy when subjects are rebels from principle."
—BURKE, "On the French Revolution."

PART I.

THE recent prosecution of "Colonel" Lynch for High Treason brings to one's mind the most historic of all trials for that dreadful offence. We refer, of course, to the Gunpowder Plot. Yearly on the Fifth of November the street urchins amuse themselves by letting off crackers and burning fireworks of various kinds in remembrance of the discovery of a conspiracy of which, in its substance, they are ignorant. The familiar doggrel which concerns "Gunpowder Treason and Plot" is assuredly well known, but few, if any, of the celebrators of the anniversary have more than a vague idea of the actual occurrence, the memory of which they are helping to perpetuate.

Towards the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth the Roman Catholics in England were much disturbed in their minds. They had been grievously persecuted for many years; their properties had been sequestrated by Royal favourites on the plea that the real owners thereof had not attended the Protestant Church when called upon to do so. For each Sunday that a Roman Catholic abstained from attending the service held by one whom he considered as a heretic, in the parish church, a fine of five pounds was exacted and the "impious" Catholic made liable to prosecution as a recusant. Priests when they were caught were hanged, drawn, and quartered, and all those who had harboured them were led out to an ignominious death. Liberty of conscience, such as we enjoy to-day, was unknown, and the man who would live in peace with his neighbour was virtually compelled to accept any dogma the Court put forward as an article of Faith.

In the twentieth century it is very hard for us to realise what this means. The majority of the people of England had been brought up in the Roman Catholic Faith and believed that it was a sin to doubt the claims of the See of Peter. They regarded all those who accepted the tenets which the Reformation of Henry the Eighth had brought in as little better than eternally lost, and they preferred to suffer any loss in this world rather than lose their souls in the great hereafter. Is it to be wondered, then, that there was little love lost between the adherents of the new religion and those of the old?

As years began to tell on the "Good Queen Bess" the hopes of the Roman Catholics revived. They had an idea that her successor, James, would not be so bitter towards those professing their religion and would possibly mitigate the heavy penalties which they incurred. M. de Beaumont, the French Ambassador, interviewed the future monarch, and was assured that he regarded the primacy of Rome as established, although he did not consider that in things temporal the Pope had any jurisdiction. That was quite enough for the Romanists in England; they were insular before anything else and were perfectly prepared to support a ruler who resisted the political claims of any foreign Power, but they wished to be allowed to practise the creed in which they had been brought up, and outside of which they did not believe that salvation could be found.

In due course Elizabeth died, and James the First came to the throne. No sooner had he assumed the reins of power than he suspended the harsh laws which had been made to harass the Catholics. The fines for not attending church on Sundays were abolished, and in one year the revenue paid into the coffers of Westminster dropped from £10,000 to the insignificant sum of £300. The nation was delighted, for it must be remembered that the majority of Englishmen in those days were Roman Catholics at heart, if not in action. One or two Catholic peers were appointed of his Majesty's Privy Council, and all boded well for the hitherto persecuted section of Britishers.

It is significant, however, that when one of the Protestant lords remonstrated with his sovereign on the appointment of the Catholics to places of honour, the king replied that he was "only keeping one or two tame ducks to capture many wild ducks." Nevertheless, the Roman Catholic gentry never doubted their suzerain lord and awaited daily the total emancipation which he had promised them. But that liberation never came

After sixteen months the full rigour of the Elizabethan laws were again put in force, and the poor Catholics, who had supported James when first he made his pretensions to the Crown of England known, found that they had really espoused the cause of one who was quite as hostile to them as his predecessor had been. This naturally rankled in the minds of the various leaders of the Roman cause in Great Britain, and they sought redress. James,

as was his habit, promised much and performed little. Then came exasperation. The persecuted Englishmen had no champion—it was dangerous to support any Catholic petition in the Houses of Parliament, and they felt that the very man whom their influence had put on the throne was about to become their worst enemy.

This was the position of affairs when the first inception of the Gunpowder Plot took place. In a large body of men there are always a certain number who are more ambitious than others and who have curious hopes of remedying matters by their own exertions, which would never occur to the ordinary individual. One or two of these had ideas of obtaining redress by force, and it was their powerful personality that led to the most disastrous conspiracy that has ever disgraced the pages of English history.

To fully understand the exact division of the Catholic Party in England in the year 1604, in which this awful plot

THE LETTER TO LORD MOUNTEAGLE.

was first conceived, we must explain how the very adherents of one religion were divided into two factions. After the Reformation the members of the old faith were supplied with ministers by two bodies; one, the secular clergy, or those who did not belong to any recognised religious community, and, secondly, the Jesuits, who were full of the zeal which has always been found in brothers of a new Order. The Secular Clergy had power over the lower classes, while the Jesuits had managed to obtain control of all the wealthy Catholics throughout the country.

The Jesuit faction were all for making active strife against the existing authorities, while the secular party inclined more to passive resistance to the exactions of a hostile Government. To give a modern simile, the Jesuits were the Irish Nationalists in the religious controversy, while the secularists, though in the main agreeing with their co-religionists, preferred to take a part like that now held by the Liberal members of Parliament.

Years before there was any question of the Reformation, in the days when the third Richard sat on the throne, one of the principal men in the British realm was one William Catesby. He attained the position of favourite minister to his sovereign and stood by him on more than one occasion. At the battle of Bosworth Field, William Catesby was taken prisoner and was subsequently attainted and executed for High Treason. Some years later this attainder was reversed and the estates which had been forfeited to the Crown were returned to Catesby's lineal descendants, and in course of time they came to one Robert Catesby, with whom we have much to do.

Robert Catesby took possession of his ancestral demesnes in 1598, on the death of his father, Sir William Catesby. The knight was a convert to the Catholic religion and had many times been fined for recusancy.

His son Robert was born in 1573 at Lapworth, in Warwickshire, one of the properties belonging to the family. When he was approaching his legal majority he was sent to Gloucester Hall, an Oxford college, which has now been re-named Worcester College. This establishment was always under the ban of those who had the administration of the Catholic Penal Laws in their hands, for it was the home of most of the Roman Catholic youth in Oxford. At Gloucester Hall Catesby was a marked student and acquitted himself well before the examiners.

Shortly before he came of age Robert Catesby married the daughter of Sir Thomas Leigh, of Stoneleigh, in Warwickshire. Sir Thomas was a Protestant and a man of great influence in his county. His married life was of short duration, his wife dying in childbed, leaving him with a son and heir. Though Robert Catesby was the heir-apparent of large fortunes, he never actually entered into possession. Almost the whole of his father's property was left to the widow with remainder to Robert, who did not survive her.

Catesby had been in the field on behalf of the Roman Faith before the celebrated plot was formed. At the time of the Earl of Essex's insurrection he enlisted in the band

of insurgents and was wounded, and taken a prisoner. Bribery was the order of the day in those times, and on payment of £3,000 he was released and allowed to return home again. During the last two years of Elizabeth's reign there were several minor agitations which had for their object the establishment of a Roman Catholic monarch on the English throne. The sovereign specially selected was the young King of Spain, who was approached on more than one occasion and besought to interfere on behalf of his fellow-Catholics who were being persecuted. Indeed, history tells us that once he was asked to bring an army over to England and invade the country.

Met Together at Lambeth.

In all these wild projects Catesby had had a share, and had escaped being punished for his treason owing to Queen Elizabeth dying before he was indicted.

In person Catesby was a very imposing man. He was over six feet in height, and bore himself in what the chroniclers of the period called "a dignified and lordlike manner, while in conversation he was a man ever to be respected." He is also said to have had an irresistible influence over the minds of those with whom he was associated. This being so, it is small wonder that he found ready supporters in the plot which he formed.

Just at the time that the English Catholics were smarting over the laxness which James I. showed in redressing their grievances, Catesby met a man named Wright, whom he had known for a very long time, and in whom he reposed the greatest confidence. Wright had been a Protestant, but had been converted to the Roman Faith by the clever arguments of the Jesuit Priests. It has always been remarked that the convert is the most bigoted adherent of any religion, and John Wright was no exception to the rule. Wright was a gentleman of substance, and had large estates in Lincolnshire. He was a notable swordsman, and with his friend Catesby had been engaged in the attempt which the Earl of Essex had made against the throne. There is some doubt as to whether he was the first that Catesby bound to secrecy and imparted his ideas for improving the condition of those who did not agree with the Established religion in England, but it is highly probable that he knew about the projects which Catesby had formed before his colleague Winter was enrolled on the list of Catholic emancipators.

Thomas Winter was a younger brother of Robert Winter, of Hudington, the head of a family who had been in possession of large estates in Worcestershire for many years. The entire family were zealous Romanists, and through side marriages were related with Catesby and with Lord Neville, who headed the rising in 1570, and was beheaded for his part therein. Winter was a born intriguer, and loved nothing more than to be mixed up in some plot which his own experience should have told him was doomed to failure. He it was who went to Spain in 1601 to treat with the King of Spain on behalf of his co-religionists and to beg the Spanish King to aid them with an armed force. To any other man this embassy would have been completely impossible, for Winter had taken part against the King of Spain in several little wars, and was well known to be an opponent of the Hispanian monarchy; but Winter was a diplomatist, and recked little that he was putting his neck in jeopardy by treating with his former enemy. Retiring from the profession of arms, Winter took service as secretary and confidential adviser to Lord Mounteagle, and remained with him till the Gunpowder Plot was discovered. Personally, he was a man of great attainments, and spoke most of the European languages with a fluency which is uncommon. Furthermore, his position as confidant to Lord Mounteagle gave him a considerable amount of influence in the world of politics, an influence of which he was not slow to avail himself.

These three—Catesby, Winter, and Wright—formed the nucleus of the Plot which even to-day is remembered amongst us.

Whether Catesby informed either of his colleagues of what he proposed doing before the three met together is not known, but it has been surmised that Wright was let into the secret councils of his leader before Winter was made cognisant of the exact project which was on foot. Anyhow, these three conspirators met together at Lambeth in the early part of the year 1604, and there Catesby told them that he had a plan by which he could in an instant deliver the whole body of Catholics from the bondage into which they had been brought, and could effect this without any foreign help whatsoever. At first his companions were a little astonished, and thought that Catesby had one of his political schemes in his head. They were not, however, inclined to lose any opportunity of effecting that which was the object of their greatest desire, and so asked him explicitly what his plan was. He then told them that he proposed to blow up the Houses of Parliament with gunpowder at the very time that the King and all the lords were assembled, adding, "in that place they have done us all the mischief, and perchance God hath designed that place for their punishment."

Winter was not inclined at first to enter into the project, for he thought that it would be a lasting reproach to the body of his fellow Catholics if it failed, while he was not at all sure of the benefit of the plot if it succeeded. Catesby, however, managed to talk him over, and at last he gave his word of honour to follow his chief wheresoever he should lead. At the same time, he suggested some practical difficulties, such as the want of a proper place from which to lead a mine and a house in which the necessary stores could be deposited. To all this the arch-conspirator listened, and agreed that what his colleague had said was perfectly wise. "Let us give the attempt," he concluded, "and where it faileth pass no further." At the same time, as Catesby was really a pious man, he did not want any peaceable way to appear to have been left untried, and accordingly despatched Winter to Flanders, where he was to meet the Constable of Castile, and attempt to persuade him to intervene on behalf of the persecuted Catholics in England. Winter did so, but without any result. While there, he made the acquaintance of one whose name has always been

associated with the celebrated plot—Guido Fawkes, a gentleman at large, and a thorough fanatic in all matters which concerned his creed. This resolute free-lance he brought back with him to England.

Guido Fawkes—or, as we know him best, Guy Fawkes—was the son of a Yorkshire squire, who for some time held the important position of Registrar to York Cathedral. The parents of the celebrated Guy were Protestants, but in his youth he had embraced the Catholic religion, and became one of the most fanatical of its upholders. For some time Fawkes was a soldier of fortune in the Spanish Army, and was present at the taking of Calais by the Archduke Albert in 1598. When his military service was finished he remained abroad, but took a prominent part in the execution of all plots which proposed to benefit the creed of his adoption. He was known to the English conspirators as a determined man, and as one in whom the greatest trust could be reposed. Later documents have represented Guy Fawkes as a mercenary ruffian, without education and without principle, who took the part he did in the Gunpowder Plot solely for what he could make. This is not true. Fawkes was a man of no mean attainments, and was one who never asked for payment unless he was in the deepest straits. From the papers which are to-day preserved in the British Museum and the Bodleian Library at Oxford, it is clear that for his share in the notorious conspiracy he was not to receive a penny, and that he took risks which the other members of the coterie shrank from undertaking. He knew from the beginning that if he was detected his life was at stake, and yet he showed a devotion to the cause which, though misplaced, cannot but excite one's admiration.

Towards the end of April, 1604, Winter returned to London in the company of Fawkes, and at once went to see Catesby. To him he told the slender encouragement that he had received from the Constable of Castile, and explained that the ill-used Romanists in England had little or nothing to expect from the King of Spain in the way of assistance or countenance. This was exactly what Catesby had expected, but he had sent Winter on the mission to remove any scruples which he might have had as to the rectitude of the plot on which they were all embarked.

Winter had not returned many days before another member was added to the little band of conspirators. Thomas Percy was a member of the great House of Northumberland, though his precise relationship to the then earl has never been accurately ascertained. He was a gentleman pensioner in the Royal palaces, and was therefore in a position to obtain all court information that might be necessary for the proper conduct of the project which Catesby and Winter had in hand. In his youth Percy had been a Protestant, and, sad to say, had been given to conduct which in the present day would have brought him under the power of the magistrates, if not of the criminal judges; but when he arrived at man's estate he had become a Roman Catholic, and, true to custom, had become one of the most bigoted of that body. At the time of which we speak he was about forty-six years of age, but, from the whiteness of his hair, appeared to be a man of a much greater age.

With the advent of Percy, the conspirators began to take active precautions to protect themselves. Catesby was clever enough to see that more would be needed if the business was to be carried through to a successful conclusion, and therefore proposed that all should be bound by oath never to divulge the secrets which were about to be entrusted to them. To this end a house in what were then the fields beyond St. Clement's Inn was selected, and arrangements were made that Father Gerard, a Jesuit missionary, should be there early in the morning with all the proper appurtenances for saying Mass. Some time before the hour ordained for the service to be held the conspirators met, and one by one confessed their sins to the priest. Then they met again, and took the following oath:

"You shall swear by the blessed Trinity, and by the sacrament you now propose to receive, never to disclose, directly or indirectly, by word or circumstance, the matter that shall be proposed to you to keep secret, nor desist from the execution thereof until the rest shall give you leave."

This oath was taken while the adjuror knelt on both his knees, with his hands laid on a prayer-book. As soon as all the secret company had sworn, they returned to the temporary chapel, and there Mass was said by the Jesuit priest, and all the party received the Blessed Sacrament in token that they would never depart from their compact. Here it must be mentioned that the missionary, Father Gerard, was in total ignorance of the proceedings, or he would never have allowed the plotters to behave as they did. Fawkes was of the party, and was not the least enthusiastic.

When Mass was finished the little company went to a lower room for breakfast, and there Catesby explained to them fully the project for blowing up the Houses of Parliament. One or two were frightened, but the oath which they had just taken was fresh in their minds, and they remained to hear the whole of the plan. Familiarity and the persuasive eloquence of their leader soon removed the horror with which they had at first regarded the scheme, and the waverers became the most hardened of the crew.

While at breakfast, Catesby told his colleagues that during the time that Winter had been in the Netherlands he had made inquiries regarding a house which was situated next to the Houses of Parliament, and had been able to get a reversion of the lease thereof, if he desired it. Percy entered into the arrangement at once, and proposed that the house should be taken in his name; for, since he was a gentleman pensioner, it was but natural that he should desire to live quite close to the Court. This was agreed to, and in the course of the next few days the house was taken, and the conspirators had obtained possession.

As soon as our heroes had got into their new building they started making measurements, with a view to seeing where they could commence tunnelling a passage into the adjoining House of Lords. This took some days, but at last it was agreed that a mine should be sunk from the cellars of the house, which should pass through the foundation walls of the House of Parliament, and that under the Chamber a large quantity of gunpowder should be deposited. This powder was to be ignited when the Lords and the Commons were present, and thus the whole governing body of the realm be blown to pieces. In this early stage no mention was made of the King being included in the holocaust, nor was it till much later that the "loyal" subjects thought of taking the monarch's life along with those of his subjects.

Percy, as we have said, was well known at the Court, and therefore it would never do for him to be seen at the house next to St. Stephen's, for if anything was discovered prematurely, or if anybody came there to call on him, grave consequences might ensue; accordingly, Fawkes received the keys, calling himself Johnson, and describing himself as a servant of Percy's.

No sooner had these arrangements been made than Parliament adjourned till the following February. This naturally rather upset the conspirators, and they realised that as the time in which they had to prosecute their plans was extended, they would have to have another house from which they could come at night, and where they could store the supplies necessary for their scheme. This being so, they took a house at Lambeth, and there collected the wood for shoring up the mine, and the powder which they required to execute their fell purpose.

It was during this first adjournment of Parliament that the idea of including the King in the general slaughter first struck on the brilliant mind of Catesby. He argued that if the King, and possibly the heir apparent, were removed by the explosion, only a minor would hold the

reins of power, and therefore a Regent would have to be appointed. Most of the Protestant peers would have gone to the tomb, a few Catholic nobles would remain, and it was not stretching the bounds of possibility to imagine that one of these Catholic peers would for the time assume the command of the State, and would naturally constitute the Roman Faith as the Established religion of the country. When proposed, the other plotters were averse to taking the life of "the Lord's Anointed," declaring that it was sacrilege; but Catesby overruled their scruples, and compelled them to agree with him.

The house at Lambeth had to have a custodian, and thus it became necessary to include another brother into the secret conclave. There was some little difficulty in selecting a fitting person, but at last the choice fell on Robert Kayes, or Kay. He was of gentle blood—indeed, the conspirators boasted till their dying days that none but gentry had an active hand in the movement—and was

GUY FAWKES BROUGHT BEFORE KING JAMES.

the son of a north-country parson, from whom baronets in the baronetcy of England of to-day are descended. Poor Kayes was himself in needy circumstances, and had a young wife to support. This possibly accounts for him entering on such a desperate enterprise. For some time he had been an inmate of the castle of Lord Mordaunt, a fact to be remembered later on in this history. He was given the keys of the Lambeth house, a sufficient amount of money to live upon, and was admitted to all the councils of his superiors. A paper in the Bodleian Library proves that he took the same oath as the others, and was actually bound with them to prosecute the scheme to the best of his ability; still, there can be little doubt that he was only regarded as a servant and not as an equal.

This brings us to the autumn of 1604. Even at this late date matters might have been stopped, but James had taken umbrage at the constant petitions of the Catholics, and had seen that the King of Spain was not inclined to help them with armed men, therefore he had enforced all the rigorous statutes of Elizabeth against them, and in the North of England several priests had been put to death in the most brutal fashion, simply because they were priests. More than this, several persons of high degree, who had attended services held by these priests, had been adjudged guilty of felony, and executed according to the law which then obtained. To emphasise the policy which the Government proposed to maintain against professors of the ancient creed, an old north-country squire was haled before the Star Chamber, and ordered to stand in the pillory at London and Lancaster, to pay a fine of £1,000, and to be imprisoned during the King's pleasure because he had adhered to the religion of his forefathers. This, as can be imagined, was more than galling to those who wished to see liberty of conscience declared in England, and where the spirit of revolt had been weak before, it now became strong. More dreadful was the effect on the conspirators of whom we have spoken. Whereas they had previously been inclined to spare a certain number of the House of Lords, and to trust to the general demonstration of their indignation, they now determined to destroy as many of the enemy as possible and to secure justice to themselves by the sanguinary means which they contemplated.

It was on December 11 that the conspirators first broke ground on their new enterprise. On that day they went at separate intervals to the house which Fawkes kept for them, and that evening they commenced the mine which was to give religious freedom to their oppressed fellow-citizens. All were men of gentle birth, as we have said, and it can readily be imagined what difficulty they had in digging the mine. When they had reached a depth of four feet and had got to the spot at which they wished to strike into the House of Lords, they were confronted with a wall. This they attempted to cut through, but found that it was very solid. For many months they worked at it, getting out one or two stones a day, and conveying the earth and débris to the back-yard each night, when they spread it over the soil so that it might not be noticed; but still there was the

wall before them. During the whole time that the conspirators were working in the premises adjoining the Houses of Parliament they never appeared abroad in the day-time, subsisting on hard-boiled eggs and cold meat, which they obtained from time to time when one of the party was able to crawl out under the cover of night. The only man who was not actually engaged in the mining operations was Fawkes, who, clad in a porter's frock, acted as sentinel, and gave signals to his fellows when anyone approached the building. In this manner the determined men worked until Christmas, and then looked for the speedy conclusion of their labours, although the wall, which was three yards thick, was not pierced.

But though these hardy men were working with their hands, they were not allowing their brains to lie fallow. They decided exactly what was to be done when the great explosion took place, and how subsequent affairs were to be carried on. It was presumed that the Prince of Wales would perish with his father, and that therefore the Duke of York, who subsequently became Charles I., would be the heir to the throne. Here it may be observed that the plotters had not the slightest idea of overthrowing the monarchy; their one idea was to obtain justice for their co-religionists. Percy, who, from his position at Court, was most in touch with the Royal Family, was to secure the person of the young prince the very moment that the explosion took place, and was to preserve him until he should be wanted.

It was while matters were at this stage that the first quarrels took place. Certain of the members of the gang desired that peers who were friends of theirs should be warned to absent themselves from the House on the opening of Parliament. Others, who had more wisdom, declared that if one was warned an element of danger was at once introduced, and that it would be better to risk destroying friends than to warn them. Men like Winter objected to this, and pleaded for the lives of their own relatives to be spared. Then the question of communicating with the various Governments abroad came up, and it was decided not to say anything to them, inasmuch as they could not be bound to secrecy, and might give a hint to the reigning power of the plot that was in progress; accordingly that suggestion was negatived.

While these considerations were being discussed and while the daily work of mining the wall was going on, the porter, Guy Fawkes, brought intelligence to the band that Parliament had again been adjourned from the 7th of February till the 3rd of October, 1605. This was a great blow to the conspirators, for they were not slow to recognise that the longer they had to wait for the fulfilment of their design the more risk they ran of discovery. However, they could not alter matters, and therefore decided to separate for a short time and to meet again. To avoid suspicion, it was arranged that each member of the party should follow his ordinary avocation during the interval, and thus show people that they were only up in London on pure business.

Before they parted, however, permission was given to Catesby and Percy to enrol any others that they might think fit into the band, having first seen that they took the oath in the manner prescribed. Under this licence two more persons were entrusted with the secret, namely John Grant and Robert Winter. The last-named was the eldest brother of Thomas Winter, and was the head of the Winter family. At first he was not at all willing to enter into the scheme, but when he had been assured that the plot was regarded kindly by foreign monarchs he promised his assistance and became one of the most active of the band of king-slayers.

Up to this moment only those of gentle blood had been permitted to share the great secret, but now Catesby noticed that one of his servants, Thomas Bates by name, had seen that something suspicious was on foot, for he had been employed about the house at Westminster, and he decided that it was safer that Bates should be made a full participator in the risk rather than that he should have sufficient knowledge to betray the party without any danger to himself. To this end Bates was duly sworn in and told the whole purport of the proceedings which he had been watching with much curiosity.

Bates took a very insignificant part in the plot itself, but his name was afterwards brought before the public because it was partly through his admission that the Jesuit priests were implicated. And here, while mentioning the Jesuits, we may say that many unfounded charges have been brought against that body in connection with this plot. Before the conspiracy had taken any definite shape or form an imaginary case was proposed to Father Garnet, the acting Provincial of the Jesuits in England, for his solution. He was asked if it was lawful in a case where a certain action would free the Roman Church from its trammels to risk the destruction of a few innocents among a large body of nocents. To this he replied that if the action really was the only method of liberating the Catholic Church from the toils in which it was involved, there was nothing to prevent the inclusion of a few innocent people among the crowd of enemies, and he illustrated the point by referring to a battle where a commander has to sacrifice men of his own side to gain a victory. This point has often been brought up against the Order of Jesus, and it is but fair to that body that we should state their views on the subject without prejudice.

Catesby was the man who proposed the problem, and it is quite possible that he took the answer as a permission to proceed with the awful project which he had imagined, though there can be no doubt that had Father Garnet known what the fearful plan was he would have interdicted the chief conspirator rather than permit him to carry his dreadful scheme to a conclusion.

The only man who was not of the band, but who was fully cognisant of all the particulars of the plot was Father Greenway. From the very first he was in the confidence of the entire party, and much that we know of their life and of the hardships that they endured is due to the diary which the priest kept. It is not for us to say whether the perversion of his calling from that of a peacemaker to that of a clandestine warrior best befitted the sacred profession of a priest, but we cannot but grieve that anyone of the ministers of religion should have lent himself to an undertaking which was opposed to all Christianity from its very inception. Later on it will be seen that Father Garnet was held to be the prime mover in the plot, and was brought to the scaffold for his share in the conspiracy.

After the instigators of this dastardly attempt had held a council it was decided that for the proper furtherance of their project a certain body of armed men should be in readiness to assist them in placing the monarch of their selection on the throne as soon as the legitimate ruler had perished in the holocaust at Westminster. For a long time Catesby and Winter were opposed to taking any more persons into their confidence, but at length they were compelled to agree with their confederates that if assistance was to be obtained from outsiders these must be given sufficient time to prepare the munitions of war which would be required and that they must be told the purpose for which they were to be required. Accordingly licence was again given to the leaders to add to their body as they saw fit.

After the Christmas holidays the band of schemers met again and work was continued in the mine. In those days Catholics were very superstitious, and, when fear was added to superstition, it can readily be imagined that the most trifling circumstances bore mighty import. One day while the men were working in the tunnel which they were constructing a bell was heard tolling. The sound seemed to come from the centre of the Houses of Parliament. Work was stopped at once, and the party fell to praying. Holy water was brought and sprinkled over the scene of operations, and the bell ceased tolling. For several days the same phenomenon took place, and every time the application of holy water is said to have been efficacious. At last the mysterious bell was silenced and the excavating progressed

as before. But a new fright was in store for the plotters. While they were busy at their treasonable preparations they were alarmed at a sound which resembled the rushing of water directly over their heads. Fawkes was sent out to reconnoitre as carefully as possible, and came back with the news that the noise was caused by the removal of a quantity of coals from a cellar directly over the spot at which his masters were at work.

As the digging had progressed, water began to infiltrate into the cavity, and the conspirators were forced to admit that the place was not at all suitable for storing gunpowder in. Therefore, they were delighted to learn that a proper place for the combustibles to be placed in was virtually at their disposal. Percy interviewed the owner of the cellar, which was found to be directly beneath the House of Lords, and rented the same on the pretext that he wanted it to store his own coals and wood in. The mine was accordingly abandoned, and from the house at Lambeth a

A Bell Was Heard Tolling.

large number of barrels of powder were brought at night and concealed in the newly-acquired premises. To give colour to their story that only coal and wood were stored in the cellar, the barrels were placed in hampers and were covered with billets of wood and a quantity of lumber was placed about the little chamber so that suspicion might be averted if anyone entered the place. This took till the middle of May, 1605, and then the vault was closed and sealed up, certain marks being placed on the door to show if anybody visited the place during the absence of the confederates. As soon as this was done all dispersed to their country seats to make preparations for the raising of men about the end of September.

It was recognised as advisable that if possible foreign assistance, or, at least, countenance should be secured, and to this end Fawkes was sent to Flanders to interview Sir William Stanley and Mr. Owen, both of whom had great influence with the Spanish Court. Guy went, and after swearing Owen to secrecy disclosed the whole of the plot to him and asked him to obtain Sir William's adherence. Owen said that he would do the best that he could, and since Sir William was away at the time would see him on his return and communicate with the promoters of the scheme as quickly as possible. With this assurance Fawkes had to be content. It may here be mentioned that the worthy knight refused to have anything to do with such a cowardly project.

Even at this stage the whole scheme might have been abandoned had James I. kept his promises. He had managed to pacify his "tame ducks," and had sworn to alleviate the distresses of the Roman Catholic body in England at once, but instead of doing so he sent for the judges who were going on circuit and instructed them to enforce the laws of Elizabeth in all their rigour. This flagrant breach of his express engagements came to the ears of the principal Papists, and they were greatly embittered against their King. In the hope of obtaining redress and at the same time of securing the blessing of the Holy See on their work, Catesby and his confrères sent Sir Edmund Baynham to Rome to see the Pope. Baynham was hardly the sort of man who would nowadays be chosen for a semi-religious mission. He had several times been brought before the Star Chamber for treasonable practices and was at one time the leader of a band of Seventeenth Century Hooligans who called themselves "The Damned Crew." Worse than this, he was a most licentious man, and lived a life of open profligacy; why, therefore, he was selected to represent the oppressed Catholics at the Vatican is a mystery. Even by the conspirators he was not fully trusted, and was not told the extent of the plot nor of the proposed movements subsequent to the violent removal of the sovereign. In fact, it is recorded that Winter wrote of him: "He was not a fit man for the business at home; but that they had otherwise employed him by sending him to Rome." Trifling as was the actual part played by Sir Edmund Baynham in the plot to overthrow the Protestant Government of England, it was of great importance in proving the complicity of Garnet, and the knight's testimony did more to condemn the Jesuit leader than that of any other person.

About the middle of September, 1605, an order was issued proroguing Parliament from the 3rd of October till the 5th of November. This alarmed the conspirators, for they thought that the adjournment was due to their criminal purpose being discovered. To assure themselves that this was not the case they arranged that Winter, whose daily attendance on Lord Mounteagle gave him access to the Houses whenever he desired it, should attend the prorogation by commissioners and report the demeanour of the nobles present. He did so and was able to assure his colleagues that there was no sign of any alarm and that he had found the vault untouched.

About this time three new members were enrolled in the nefarious coterie. Catesby and Percy met at Bath and administered the oath of secrecy to Sir Everard Digby, Ambrose Rookwood, and Francis Tresham. The two first were intimate friends, and the last a relation of the arch conspirator. The part that these gentlemen were destined to play was a difficult one. To them was entrusted the task of arranging for a supply of men and horses in case there should be any opposition to the appointment of the new sovereign. Digby had been knighted by James when the latter was on his journey from Scotland to London prior to his coronation. When the matter was first broached to him he resented having anything to do with it and pleaded for the lives of the Catholic peers, many of whom would assuredly perish in the explosion. Catesby was ready with specious arguments, and told him that he had discussed the matter with priests of repute, and had been informed that the accidental death of a few friends was not enough to prevent any scheme for the benefit of the Church being abandoned. Digby was a fanatical Romanist and believed every word that Catesby said, and once feeling sure that the brutal massacre had the sanction of Holy Church, entered into it heart and soul.

Rookwood was a man of property, and as such was a great acquisition to the cause. In particular the fine stud of horses which he possessed was a great attraction to the plotters, and they counted on their neophyte to mount the

soldiery which would later be enrolled. The third man, Tresham, was the thorn in Catesby's side. From the moment that this person joined the band the leaders did not have a moment's peace. Their new brother was known as a mean and treacherous man, without principle or religious feeling, and he was only asked to join the party for his money. Among the State papers there is one still extant in which Tresham promised £2,000 to further the cause of Catesby and his fellows.

Prior to the opening of Parliament Catesby and Percy went on a tour throughout England with a view to obtaining the support of the leaders of the ancient faith, but without enlisting any of them into the ranks of the restorers thereof. Among the principal persons who were approached were the Littletons. To these honourable and wealthy gentlemen Catesby said that he was preparing a troop of horse to assist the Archduke in Flanders and asked them to assist him, at the same time promising Stephen Littleton the command of a troop. The Littletons agreed to help, and arrangements were made for them to meet Catesby at Dunchurch, where all final arrangements would be made. Dunchurch from that moment became the headquarters of the conspirators.

The day fixed for the opening of Parliament was now close at hand, and it was necessary that final arrangements should be made. This is the shape that the Plot eventually took. Fawkes was notorious for his courage and reliability, and to him was entrusted the task of lighting the powder. He was provided with a slow match, which would burn for a quarter of an hour before it reached the explosive, and thus give him ample time to get clear of the doomed building. Once the dreadful deed was done, he was to get on board a vessel, which was to wait for him in the Thames, and sail for Flanders, where he was to lie hid until sent for.

Sir Everard Digby was to invite as many Catholic gentlemen and peers as possible to Dunchurch on a plea of hunting on Dunsmoor Heath, and to keep them there until news of the success of the enterprise reached him. A party was to be despatched to capture the young Princess Elizabeth, who was stopping with Lord Harrington at Coventry, and in the case of her elder brothers being killed in the explosion, she was to be proclaimed Queen, and a Regent appointed to act during her minority. Should the Prince of Wales or the Duke of York not be in the House of Lords at the fatal moment, their persons were to be instantly secured, and the eldest survivor proclaimed King. This again emphasises the fact that there was no attempt to overthrow the dynasty, but merely to remove James I., who had belied his promise.

This last business was left to Percy, whose position as a gentleman pensioner gave him ready access to the Palace. Another party was to seize Warwick Castle, and to distribute the arms and armour stored there. At that stage the conspirators left matters to chance; as Catesby aptly said: "By that time I hope some friends will come and take our parts." Whatever happened, the Royal princes were to be brought to Dunchurch.

And now it was that the element of dissension entered again into the secret conclave. Most of the conspirators had relatives and friends who were certain to be present at the opening of Parliament. Hardened as they were, recking little of plunging the chief families of Great Britain into mourning, they shrank from themselves wearing the sable for their kinsmen. Catesby was for giving warning to no one, saying that if his own son was in the House he would not hesitate to sacrifice him rather than that the scheme should fail, and he pointed out to his brothers in iniquity that a vague warning was more dangerous than an open declaration of the entire matter.

Both Tresham's sisters had married Catholic peers, and he was anxious to save his connections. He therefore pleaded that Lords Mounteagle and Stourton should be persuaded not to attend the State ceremonial. Kayes begged that Lord Mordaunt might be among the saved: and Percy was not less urgent on behalf of his patron, the Earl of Northumberland, through whose influence it was that he had obtained the position of a gentleman pensioner. The controversy waxed hot as one after another mentioned persons whom he wished to save. In the end it was determined that no actual notice should be given to anyone, but that each should do his best to dissuade his friends from entering the fatal building, but, at the same time, should find some fitting excuse to do so, so that the secret might not escape.

Even this did not satisfy Tresham, who sought out his chiefs again, and begged them to make a point of warning Lord Mounteagle at least, hinting at the same time that if that nobleman was not kept away from the House of Lords, the £2,000 which was to have enriched the coffers of the conspirators would not be forthcoming. He was listened to courteously, and then told that the course he suggested was impracticable. His next suggestion was that the attempt should be postponed until the prorogation of Parliament, and later on explained that his object in that was to enable him to get away from the country in time and to leave the conspirators to their own devices. All his proposals were negatived, and he left the council with a full determination that his friends should be apprised of their danger by himself.

Lord Mounteagle, whom Tresham was so anxious to protect, was the eldest son of Lord Morley, a Protestant peer of high repute in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Mounteagle returned to the Roman Catholic Faith, and certainly was a party to the mission which was sent to Spain in the reign of "Good Queen Bess," asking the Spanish Court to prevent any Protestant succeeding to the throne of Great Britain. He was, therefore, a traitor, though he managed to evade arraignment on the charge of conspiring with the sovereign's enemies. On the accession, however, of King James he espoused the cause of the monarch, and assisted the Earl of Southampton in securing the Tower of London. For this he was in favour at Court, and became one of the false King's "tame ducks," and his influence was eagerly sought by those of his co-religionists who had petitions to present to Royalty.

On October 26, that is to say, ten days before Parliament was to be opened by the King in person, Lord Mounteagle gave orders that supper should be prepared for him at his mansion at Hoxton. The fact is significant, for the nobleman had not been to Hoxton for more than a month. While he was eating his meal a letter was brought to him by a page, who declared that it had been given to him by a stranger in the street, and said that at the same time he had been told to give it into his lordship's hands, as it contained a matter of the gravest importance.

Lord Mounteagle took the letter, never inquiring how it was that a stranger should know that he had suddenly taken it into his head to leave his official residence and journey to Hoxton, and though it was marked "Private," he gave it to one of his gentlemen attendants to read out loud to the company present! The historic document runs as follows:

"my lord out of the love i beare to some of youer friends i have a caer of youer preservacion therefor i would advyse yowe as yowe tender youer lyf to devyse some excuse to shift of youer attendance at this parleament for god and man hath concurred to punishe the wickednes of this time and think not slightlye of this advertisement but retyere youre self into youre contri wheare yowe maye expect the event in safti for thowghe theare be no apparence of anni stir yet i saye they shall receyve a terrible blowe this parleament and yet they shall not see who hurts them this councel is not to be contemned because it maye do yowe good and can do yowe no harme for the danger is passed as soon as yowe have burnt the letter and i hope god will give yowe the grace to mak good use of it to whose holy proteccion i commend yowe."

This strange epistle was addressed to "The right honorable the lord mowteagle."

Having had his private correspondence read out to his

friends, Lord Mounteagle bethought him of the next course to take. Had he known anything of the plot, one would regard it as significant that the very gentleman to whom he gave the letter to be read was Thomas Ward, one of the most intimate friends of Catesby and Tresham, and that therefore the conspirators would be soon aware of the warning which had been given to the peer. Supper was immediately finished and Lord Mounteagle left his Hoxton house for Whitehall, where he found the Earl of Salisbury going out to supper in company with the Lord Admiral and Earls Suffolk, Worcester, and Northampton. At once he drew the Earl of Salisbury to one side and showed him the letter, and the minister told him that he had done well and wisely, and that for three months he had feared that some sort of plot against the King's Majesty was afoot either in England or on the Continent.

It is needless to say that Ward at once mentioned the fact of the mysterious letter which had been received by Lord Mounteagle to Catesby and Winter. At first Winter was inclined to doubt the accuracy of the information, but was soon convinced. Then the two decided to find out whether the vault had been touched before they communicated the dread tidings to their fellow-conspirators. As

Given to him by a stranger in the street.

far as could be seen from the marks on the doors of the cellar, nothing had been changed, and instead of making preparations for leaving the country, which they could easily have done in the ship which was waiting in the river to take Guy Fawkes over to Flanders, they set about attempting to discover the author of the letter.

Their suspicions fell immediately on Tresham, who had been away for a week in Northamptonshire. Two days after the receipt of the communication by Lord Mounteagle, Tresham returned to London and was met by Catesby and Winter, who charged him directly with the authorship of the note. Tresham denied that he had wrote it or caused it to be written, and it was lucky for him that he did so, for his two fellow-plotters had determined to stab him if they found that he was really the cause of exposing the whole of their cherished plan.

Next day Winter met Fawkes and sent him to the cellar to see if any search had been instituted, but without informing him of the discovery of the plot. Fawkes returned and reported that all was right and was then told of the letter which had been written to Mounteagle. At the same time his confederates apologised for sending him on such a dangerous mission. To their apologies Fawkes replied that he would go there every day to find out whether the authorities were really on the scent or not. This he did, and when it was apparent that no actual investigation of the cellars below the Houses of Parliament had taken place the hopes of the party rose again, and they hoped that the letter was only a false alarm, and had been considered as such by the Government.

On the last day of October, 1605, King James returned to London, and the letter was shown to him by Lord Salisbury. History has it that his intellect, never in the least brilliant, was immediately illuminated by God, and in the curious language of the letter he was enabled to discover the whole of the Plot. The "terrible blow" he at once interpreted as an explosion, and the reference to the "danger being past as soon as the letter was burnt," to mean that it was to be an instant destruction of the entire nobility of the kingdom, which should be brought about in the same time that a piece of paper would take to burn. This story was assiduously published abroad, and the extraordinary wisdom granted to the King was regarded as a special mark of the Divine favour. Unfortunately, history has shown that it was not King James at all who made the discovery, but that the interpretation of the letter was entirely due to Lord Salisbury and the Lord Chamberlain.

On Sunday, November 3, the conspirators were informed that the King had seen the letter, and was much concerned at it, and while fully recognising that a plot was in progress, had ordered that the strictest secrecy should be maintained. This, as may well be imagined, frightened them, and they again made an attempt to fix the blame of the discovery on to Tresham, and asked him to meet them in the Gardens at Lincoln's Inn. Tresham did so, and was charged with privity to the letter to Mounteagle. This he denied, but rather discounted his denial by declaring that the whole of the plot was known to the Council, and that that body was only waiting for a fitting opportunity to lay hands on them all.

There can be little doubt that Tresham was in constant communication with Lord Mounteagle, and had communicated the whole of the Plot to him long before the celebrated letter was sent. No one but Tresham could have known that Mounteagle had gone on the night of the letter to Hoxton, and the conduct of the peer showed that he was perfectly well aware of the contents thereof before he asked his attendant to read it to him.

About noon on Monday, November 4, the Lord Chamberlain expressed a desire to search the Houses of Parliament, and begged Lord Mounteagle to accompany him in his round. First the couple examined the Chambers, and remained there for some time, and then went into the cellars. When they came to the apartment which Percy rented, they saw an enormous quantity of wood and coals stored there, and close beside the heap stood a tall, black-visaged man. When asked his name, this individual said that he was called Guy Fawkes, and that the coal and wood belonged to Percy, who had placed it there in close proximity to his house, so that he could obtain it whenever he wanted it without sending for a porter. With this explanation the Lord Chamberlain professed to be satisfied; but when the same evening he reported the day's work to the King, His Majesty said that there was something suspicious about the cellar in question, and directed that on the following morning a more minute search should be instituted, and every vault carefully scrutinised.

The officials, however, did not wait until the following morning, but at once went for Sir Thomas Knevet, a magistrate of Westminster, and forced him to accompany them to the vaults. At the very moment that they arrived at the door of the house which Percy rented they happened on Guy Fawkes leaving the building. He was stopped, and told to remain with the party while the search proceeded. The notorious cellar was soon reached,

and when the searchers turned over the wood and coals they found thirty-six barrels of gunpowder concealed beneath them. The moment that this was found Fawkes was seized and bound hand and foot. His pockets were emptied, and a watch, together with slow matches and touchwood were found therein. In one corner of the cellar a dark lantern was burning.

Sir Thomas Knevet accused Guy Fawkes of being concerned in a plot against the person of the King, and the sturdy conspirator declared that what was said was perfectly true, and added that if he had been within the house when the magistrate made the discovery he would not have hesitated to have blown up the whole place, and perished himself among the ruins.

A guard was left to look after the prisoner while Sir Thomas repaired to Whitehall. Some of the Council slept there, and were awakened, and as soon as they had dressed the whole of those present repaired to the King's bedchamber. The monarch was naturally much alarmed at being thus roused out of his slumbers in the middle of the night, but immediately constituted a Privy Council meeting. Messengers were sent to fetch Fawkes, and he was brought into the presence of the sovereign whose violent death he had proposed.

The popular hero of this terrible plot was not in the least dismayed, although he was fully aware that a cruel and bloody death awaited him. He admitted the part he had taken in the plot, and calmly told the King that had he not been arrested, it was his intention to have set fire to the powder as soon as he was certain that the monarch with the lords and bishops were in the Chamber, and to have blown them all to perdition.

"Why would you have killed me?" asked the King.

"Because you are excommunicated by the Pope," answered the prisoner.

"How so?" rejoined the sovereign.

"Every Maundy Thursday," replied Fawkes, "the Pope doth excommunicate all heretics who are not of the Church of Rome, and you are within the same excommunication."

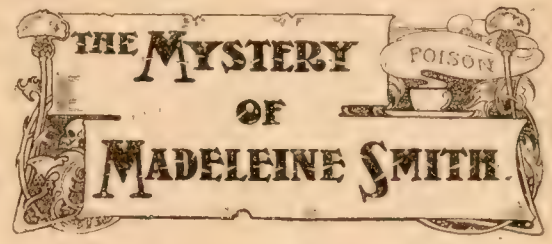
The King then asked Fawkes what would have been done with the Royal issue, and he said that such as were within the walls of the fated chamber would have perished, but that those who were preserved would have been treated as Royal princes, and the eldest would have come to the throne. On this King James asked what could have caused the conspirators to take such violent measures against innocent women and children, and Fawkes replied: "Dangerous diseases require a desperate remedy."

The Scottish Lords made themselves peculiarly conspicuous at the midnight council, and on one of them demanding to know the reason for the plot, Fawkes replied that it was partly designed to blow the Scots back again to their own country. The most cunning inquiry, however, could not make Fawkes implicate anybody else in the conspiracy. But for an oversight, he might have been regarded as the sole author and agent of the venture. In the cellar certain hand litters, which had been used to transport the powder were discovered. These litters were carried by two persons, and it was therefore clear that Fawkes had an assistant. He was asked who had helped him in depositing the explosive, and replied that he could not bring himself to mention anyone.

A great part of the night was spent in the examination of the captured conspirator, and then he was sent to the Tower under a strong guard.

The first visit of the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Mounteagle to the cellar was immediately communicated to his colleagues by the resolute man who had undertaken to fire the mine. Catesby and Winter fled at once, but Percy and Wright waited until they heard that Fawkes had been arrested, and then left London. Rookwood and Kayes, who were not known in London, judged that they would be safer there than in the provinces, so remained in the metropolis, hoping to gather more conclusive information for the benefit of their brothers.

(To be continued.)



"When once love pleads admission to our hearts,
In spite of all the virtue we can boast,
The woman that deliberates is lost."

ADDISON, "Cato," Act IV., Scene 2.

PART II.

L'ANGELIER had come back from Stirling as fast as possible to meet his fiancée; he had even walked a distance of fifteen miles so as to keep an appointment. He left the house of his landlady, a little after nine in the evening, and at twenty minutes past nine he was seen sauntering along in the direction of Blythswood Square.

"But," continued the counsel, "he is too early; he knows the ways of the house; he knows that the family are at prayers about this hour; it is too soon yet for him to go—he must put off a little time. He goes off from Blythswood Square to the other side, and makes a call on Mr. McAllister, an acquaintance. He does not find McAllister at home, but the servant recognises him, and says that he was there about half-past nine. Gentlemen, here my clue fails me. I lose sight of him for two or three hours, and my learned friends on the other side are equally unsuccessful in their endeavours to trace him. There is no attempt to show that any mortal man saw him elsewhere than at the only place he was going to. He went out with the intention of seeing her, believing that he had an appointment at that place; and you cannot doubt for a moment that, after coming from the Bridge of Allan, post haste, as he did, walking first to Stirling, then from Coatbridge to Glasgow, walking in the direction of Blythswood Square, he would give up his purpose when within a hundred yards of the house. That is incredible—that is impossible. He knew when it was the habit of the family to retire to bed; he knew that he would have to wait till the child was asleep. Can you believe, can it be presented to your reason, that after all L'Angelier could have returned without going to the house? The thing is impossible."

The Lord Advocate then pointed out that L'Angelier probably waited a short time till all was quiet and interviewed the prisoner. He could not say whether that interview took place in the house or out of it, but he thought that the inference was fair that he did see Madeleine Smith, and if the jury accepted that inference, then the prisoner was guilty. The jury had to consider what the prisoner's conduct was after the news of L'Angelier's death had reached her. At first she is self-possessed. Anyone who could commit such a crime would be self-possessed, but one day a rumour that the unfortunate man has been poisoned reaches her ears. What does she do? She runs away; she flees from Justice. Was that the act of an innocent woman?

"Then take the theory that the man committed suicide. No one has shown where the deceased obtained his poison from. Certainly not from any druggist; certainly not from any chemical works. If he had it with him, how did he take it? Is it in the least likely that a man in his position would go out and wander into Blythswood Square, swallow the arsenic dry there, and then totter home?" Saying, then, that he did not want to be unduly hard on the unfortunate prisoner, but only wished to lay the facts of the case before them, the Lord Advocate concluded his powerful address.

Then came the turn of the Dean of the Faculty. Amid breathless silence on the morning of the eighth day of the trial he rose and commenced:

"Gentlemen of the Jury,—The charge against the pris-

oner is a charge of murder, and the punishment of murder is death; and that simple statement is sufficient to suggest to us the awful solemnity of the occasion which brings you and me here together. But, gentlemen, there are peculiarities in the present case of so singular a kind—there is such an air of romance and mystery investing it from beginning to end—there is something so touching and exciting in the age and the sex and the social position of the accused—ay, and I must add, the public attention is so directed to the trial that they watch our proceedings and hang on our very accents with such anxiety and eagerness of expectation, that I feel almost bowed down, overwhelmed by the magnitude of the task that is imposed upon me." Then in dignified language the counsel paid a tribute to the opposing counsel, and asked the jury to remember the moderation of the Lord Advocate's speech, a speech which almost showed that the Crown could not hope for a conviction. But he said that he was not going to beg for his client's life. He was going to demand, to clamour for justice, to which she was as much entitled as any one of the jury.

He then went on to review L'Angelier's conduct. He painted him as a narrow-minded, vain young man, who aspired to be a lady-killer, and boasted of his power over the weaker sex. He declared that from the very first L'Angelier had laid himself out to seduce Madeleine Smith, and then to compel her to marry him in order to raise himself in the social scale. He assured the jury that the Frenchman was very excitable, and whenever he met with reverses was accustomed to threaten to commit suicide.

Taking the three illnesses seriatim, the first, he said, did not take place on February 19, as the prosecution averred, for that date had been improperly suggested to Miss Perry, but on February 13, which date was more in accord with the testimony of the landlady. However that might be, there was nothing to show that Miss Smith had any arsenic in her possession on that date. The illness of the 22nd of February took place on that date, but the prosecution had not been able to show that after the purchase of arsenic on the 21st, his client had met the deceased, or even that L'Angelier had been out of his rooms on that day at all.

As to the Sunday, when it was alleged that Miss Smith deliberately poisoned her lover, L'Angelier never went near the house at all. There had been appointments for Thursday and Saturday, but none for Sunday, and the couple had never met except by appointment. L'Angelier would not dream of going to see Madeleine unless she had invited him. On that night the prisoner went to bed as usual with her little sister, and slept all night. No mortal had seen L'Angelier after nine o'clock, and the assumption that he had been with Madeleine Smith was unfair and groundless.

What of the Lord Advocate's statement that the prisoner had fled from justice? Madeleine had given her love to L'Angelier, and, cajoled by the old story of immediate marriage, had been seduced by him. Consort with him had changed her nature for a time, and she had forgotten her maidenly modesty and given way to her passions; but after a time her better nature returned to her, and she felt that she had sinned. With the terrible exposure of her guilty intercourse she feared her father's wrath and fled to hide herself from all who had known her, lest they should become partakers of the disgrace which she had brought upon the house. In one of her letters to L'Angelier she says:

"Emile, my father's wrath would kill me; you little know his temper. Emile, for the love you once had for me, do not denounce me to my father. Emile, if he should read my letters to you he will put me from him, he will hate me as a guilty wretch!"

MADELEINE AND HER HUSBAND START ON THE VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA.

"Gentlemen, it is not flying from justice," said the Dean, "but it is flying from what she could not bear—the wrath of her father and the averted countenance of her mother. She was bowed down, and fled while the true charge of her unchastity and shame was all that was brought against her; but she stood erect and proudly conscious of her innocence when she was met with this astounding, monstrous charge of murder!"

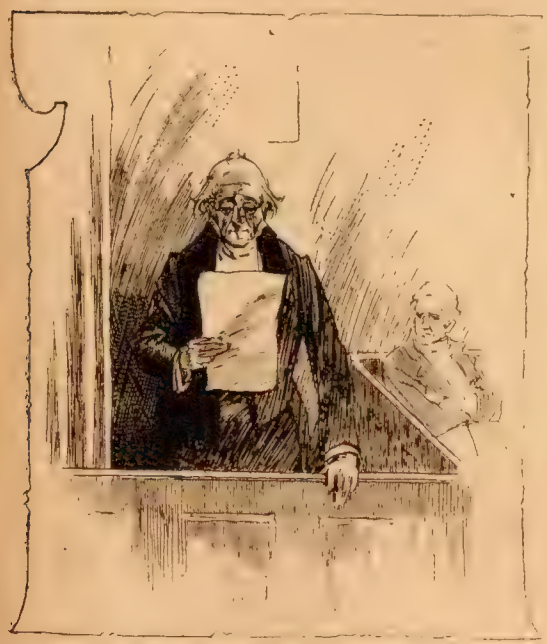
Then the Dean turned to the alleged motive. He asked the jury whether they thought it likely that she would kill her lover when he held the letters which she wanted so much. The appointment on the Saturday was made to gain possession of the letters. While L'Angelier was alive he could be cajoled, wheedled, if necessary paid to keep silent, even if he did not return the letters, but if he died the correspondence would fall into the hands of others, and her shame would be made known. Therefore he contended that his client was more than anxious to preserve the Frenchman's life. An eloquent appeal for justice and a rapid sketch of the fates of those who had been proved innocent after their execution concluded the Dean's address, after he had spoken for upwards of four hours.

In summing up the Lord Justice Clerk told the jury that they must acquit the prisoner on the first charge, as there was nothing to show that she was in possession of poison

at the time L'Angelier was attacked with illness. As to the second charge, he said that there was no direct proof that the illness was caused by arsenic. The deceased ascribed it to some cocoa which he had had, but it did not necessarily follow that that cocoa contained arsenic. The theory of suicide he thought was untenable, but that did not point to the prisoner's guilt, unless there was other evidence to establish it. The crucial point in the case was whether L'Angelier and Madeleine Smith met on the night of Sunday, March 22. There could be no doubt that it was the prisoner's letter which had brought the unfortunate man back from Bridge of Allan and Stirling. If this was an ordinary civil case, or if the decision on that point only affected matters of everyday life, he thought that one might infer that the parties did meet, but this was quite another matter, and it was for the jury to say whether the evidence justified them making that inference, being fully aware of the result of that inference. The counsel for the panel had spoken about her character, but he could only judge of that from the letters which had been read in court, and he thought that as the prisoner did not call any witnesses to character that the less he said about character the better, but he would remark that he had never seen such extraordinary moral perversion as was displayed in the correspondence in the course of his legal career. Remarking, then, that he left the decision in their hands, the judge dismissed the jury to their duty.

In exactly half an hour the jury returned, and the foreman read their decision from a paper he held in his hand. On the first count of administering poison on February 19 the prisoner was not guilty. The second charge of administering poison on March 22 was not proven, and the charge of murder was not proven.

On this being announced the spectators in court burst out cheering, and the sound was taken up by the crowds outside. The ushers did all they could to restore order, but it was many minutes before silence could be obtained. Then the Lord Justice Clerk said that he entirely agreed with the finding of the jury, and ordered Madeleine Smith to be dismissed from the bar. To the jury he granted exemption from service for five years in recognition of the trouble they had been put to during the nine days of the trial.



The Foreman Reads the Decision of the Jury.

Madeleine was greeted by a cheering mob when she left the court, and her moral failings were forgotten for the moment, but the stain on her character was too deep for her to return to Glasgow, and for a few weeks she took rooms in Edinburgh, her father allowing her sufficient to live on, but refusing to hold intercourse with her now that her trouble was over. A very short time after her acquittal she married a mysterious individual named Dr. Tudor Hora, and he took her to Perth, where he established a practice, and was fairly successful. There they lived for many years, the doctor carefully hiding his wife from the curious and never divulging her maiden name. One day, however, Dr. Hora fancied that someone recognised Madeleine, and determined to flee, so he bought a practice at the village of Hotham, near Melbourne, and the couple sailed for Australia.

They had hardly got settled down than Madeleine wearied of the doctor, and left him, travelling about Australia by

Finds the Piano her only Consolation.

herself, but regularly drawing money from the kind-hearted medico. Two years' solitude was too much for Dr. Tudor Hora, and he died. Madeleine married again, but her union was not a happy one, though she lived with her husband till her death in 1891. She sought no society, but consoled herself with her piano, on which instrument she was an admirable performer.

Was Madeleine Smith guilty? That is a question which can never be settled now, and, when the highest legal talent in Scotland concurred with the finding of the jury that there was not sufficient evidence to prove her guilt, and too much to prove her innocence, the layman has to accept the verdict as it is given.

Eating His Own Words.

Considering the harm which may be done by slander, it is not surprising that that crime has always been very severely punished. In ancient Rome the libeller was put to death; a penalty also enforced against the slanderer in Gothic Spain. Greece was content to make the scurrilous person appear ridiculous and to put him to shame, and accordingly, on conviction, the culprit was forced to appear in the public market place for a stated number of days crowned with tamarind leaves, as a symbol of his sour nature. Oleron, the Sea King, ordained that the slanderer should have his tongue pierced with a hot iron, and the same penalty was meted out to the seaman who spoke ill of his superior officer. In Poland it was a small matter to libel an ordinary citizen, punishable merely by fine and imprisonment, but the unlucky wight who slandered a senator was forced to enter the senate when it was sitting, to lie down on the ground before the throne of the person he had libelled, and after confessing that he had spoken falsely and maliciously, to bark three times. From this curious punishment comes the expression to "lie like a dog." The most extraordinary punishment for libel however, is quite modern, being inflicted by the late Czar of Russia on the editor of a paper which had libelled him. The editor was placed on a scaffold in public, and compelled to eat the libellous article, a surgeon standing by and administering the pages in quantities which were nearly sufficient to choke the man. After this compulsory meal off his own words the editor was imprisoned, and forbidden to again pursue journalism as a calling.

The First Bank-note Forgery.

A Romantic Story of Love and Crime.

"Crimes! nay, I would not stop at crimes to win or keep a woman's heart. The heaven of her love now is worth the risk of hell hereafter."

—SHERIDAN, "Pizarro."

It may be as well, before commencing our narrative, to state that the Bank of England was founded in the year 1694 and commenced active operations on January 1, 1695. At first its issue of notes was confined to those of the value of £20 and upward, and it was not until the year 1759 that £10 notes were issued. The £20 notes of the Bank of England had been in circulation for upwards of sixty years before an attempt was made to forge them. The story of the first bank-note forgery is a curious and even a romantic one, and we purpose telling it here.

In the month of August, 1757, a gentleman named Bliss, living in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn, advertised for a clerk. Even in those days there must have been a large class of unemployed, for Mr. Bliss received many answers to his application. The successful applicant was a young man of twenty-six, named Richard William Vaughan. He came of a good old family in Staffordshire, and, with the idea of educating him for the ministry, he had been sent up to Pembroke Hall, Oxford, where, however, he seems to have entered upon a career of dissipation and extravagance, which eventually necessitated his withdrawal from the University. His friends had then set him up in Stafford as a wholesale linen-draper, with a branch establishment in Aldersgate Street, London; but he had proved himself no better at trade than at scholarship—in fact, had become bankrupt, and had not obtained his certificate when he entered the employment of Mr. Bliss. All these incidents in his past career came to the knowledge of his employer; but Vaughan's winning manners and plausible excuses, combined with the industry and diligence which he showed in the discharge of his new duties, convinced Mr. Bliss that his clerk had been more sinned against than sinning, and he soon reposed such confidence in him that an intimate friendship arose between master and clerk. The former invited the latter to his house, introduced him to his wife and to his relative and ward, Miss Bliss.

The young lady was not without personal attractions, and had, moreover, that which in the eyes of most men compensates for any deficiencies in personal charm—a handsome fortune. Richard Vaughan was a good-looking young fellow, with the manners, education and dress of a perfect gentleman, and he soon captivated the heart of Miss Bliss. To do him justice, however, we believe that he was sincerely attached to the girl, and that his passion was not purely mercenary. The guardian was a man of the world, and thus described subsequently his own conduct in the matter: "It was not till I learned from the servants, and observed by the girl's behaviour that she greatly approved Richard Vaughan, that I consented to countenance his suit; but only on condition that he should make it appear that he could maintain her. I had no doubt of his character as a servant, and I knew his family were respectable, his brother being an eminent attorney in Stafford."

Vaughan informed Miss Bliss that his mother (his father was dead) had promised to reinstate him in business with a thousand pounds, five hundred of which he was prepared to settle upon Miss Bliss at once for her separate use. It was therefore arranged that so soon as Richard Vaughan's position should be satisfactory, the young couple should be married, the date conditionally fixed being Easter Monday, 1758.

Months passed on, but Richard Vaughan's position remained precisely what it had been. There was no sign of his mother fulfilling her promise of setting him up again in business. He did not obtain his bankrupt's certificate, and though he visited his lady-love frequently, and made the most passionate protestations of affection to her, he did not appear to be doing anything to bring about their speedy marriage. The guardian began to grow impatient, and even the young lady herself commenced to lose confidence in her procrastinating lover. Her remonstrances stung him to the quick. He felt that she was slipping from him, and that he must do something desperate to retain her trust and affection. Moreover, the day fixed for the wedding was rapidly approaching, and if he were unable to take her to the altar at the date appointed, he knew that he should lose her altogether.

About three weeks before the appointed Easter Monday, Richard Vaughan paid a visit to his affianced and gladdened her heart by some good news. He told her that everything was arranged happily, that his certificate would be granted in a day or two, his family had come forward with the money, and he was to continue the Aldersgate business which he had previously carried on as a branch of the Stafford trade. The capital he had waited so long for was at length forthcoming; and, in proof of his statement, he produced two hundred and forty pounds in notes as part of the five hundred which he had promised to settle on his bride. Twelve twenty-pound notes he counted out and placed in her hands. It is odd that Miss Bliss should have even then half suspected that there was something wrong. At any rate, she examined the notes and remarked that they seemed rather thicker than usual. "Oh!" said he, "all bank-notes are not alike." The girl was satisfied, and, overjoyed at the prospect of her speedy marriage, was anxious to break the good news at once to her guardian's wife. But Vaughan would not hear of her letting any soul know of what he had done. She was to keep the thing a secret until everything was settled. He sealed the notes up in a packet, stamped with his own signet, and made her solemnly swear not to open it until after their marriage, and not to breathe to anyone the fact that she had such a sum of money in her possession.

What followed next we shall allow Mr. Bliss to describe in his own words: "On the 22nd of March (some days after the scene we have described) I was sitting with my wife at the fireside. Richard Vaughan and the girl were sitting in the same room—which was a small one—and although they whispered, I could distinguish that Vaughan was very urgent to have something returned which he had previously given to her. She refused, and Vaughan went away in an angry mood. I then studied the girl's face, and saw that it expressed much dissatisfaction. Presently a tear broke out. I then spoke, and insisted on knowing the dispute. She refused to tell, and I told her that until she did I would not see her nor allow Vaughan to see her. The next day I asked the same question of Vaughan. He hesitated. 'Oh,' I said, 'I daresay it is some ten or twelve-pound matter—something to buy a wedding bauble with.' He answered that it was much more than that, it was near three hundred pounds. 'But why all this secrecy?' I said, and he answered that it was not proper for people to know he had so much money until his certificate was signed. I then asked him with what intent he had left the notes with the young lady. He said, as I had of late suspected him, he designed to give me a proof of his affection and truth. I said, 'You have demanded the money in such a way that it must be construed as an abatement of your affection towards her.' Vaughan was again exceedingly solicitous for the return of the notes, but I told him things were gone so far I must take some advice first, and till then I desired that he would not come to see Miss Bliss. With that we parted, and I never saw Vaughan again until he was in custody."

The very next day it was discovered that the notes were forgeries. One of the engravers whom Vaughan had employed informed upon him, and the forger was apprehended that evening. When he was arrested he crumpled up a piece of paper, thrust it into his mouth and tried to swallow it. But his captor seized him by the throat, forced the half-chewed piece of paper out of his mouth, and secured it. It proved to be one of the forged notes, fourteen of which were

found on his person, and twenty more at his lodgings, besides those which were in the keeping of Miss Bliss.

On the 7th of April, 1758, Richard William Vaughan stood in the dock at the Old Bailey charged with "feloniously forging and counterfeiting a bank-note for the payment of the sum of twenty pounds to John Cornwallis, and for putting away the same, with intent and design to defraud the Governor and Company of the Bank of England." The judge was Lord Mansfield, and in the course of the trial the following facts came out in evidence, which we condense from the report:

On the 1st of March (about a week before the notes were given to Miss Bliss) Vaughan called on John Cor-

MADE THE MOST PASSIONATE PROTESTATIONS OF AFFECTION.

bould, an engraver, and gave an order for a promissory note, to be engraved with these words:

"No.——
"I promise to pay to —— or
"Bearer ——, London ——."

There was to be a figure of Britannia in the corner. When it was done, Mr. Sneed (for that was the alias Vaughan adopted) came again, but objected to the execution of the work. Another was in consequence engraved, and on the 4th of March the prisoner took it away. He immediately repaired to a printer, and had 48 impressions taken on thin paper, provided by himself. Meanwhile, he had ordered on the same morning of another engraver, Charles Foudrinier, a second plate, with what he called a "direction" in the words, "For the Governor and Company of the Bank of England." This was done, and about a week later he brought some paper, each sheet "folded up," said the witness, "very curiously, so that I could not see what was in them. I was going to take the papers from him, but he said he must go upstairs with me and see them worked off himself. I took him upstairs; he would not let me have them out of his hands. I took a sponge and wetted them, and put them one by one on the plate in order for printing them. After my boy had done two or three of them I went downstairs, and my boy worked the rest off, and the prisoner came down and paid me."

The witness was then asked by the judge whether he did not suspect anything wrong when a man thus came to him to print on secret paper the words, "The Governor and Company of the Bank of England."

The engraver replied, "I did not then suspect anything, but I shall take care for the future." Fortunately for Mr. Charles Foudrinier, this was the first Bank of England note forgery that had been perpetrated, and he was therefore held excused.

Miss Bliss was then called to prove the uttering of the notes. She was obviously much affected, and her appearance created what would now be designated as a "sensation in court." But she gave her evidence clearly and unfalteringly.

"The prisoner," she said, "delivered me some bills; these are the same" (producing twelve counterfeit bank-notes for twenty pounds each, sealed up in a cover). "He said they were bank bills. I said they were thicker paper; he said all bills are not alike. I was to keep them till after we were married. He put them into my hands to show he put confidence in me, and desired me not to show them to anybody. And I did not till he had discovered them himself. He gave me these bills as part of five hundred pounds he had promised to settle upon me for life."

Vaughan's defence was that his sole object was to deceive his affianced, and that he intended to destroy all the notes after his marriage. Unfortunately, however, a witness was brought forward by the prosecution to rebut this statement.

James Balanger deposed that Vaughan had asked him to change first one and then twelve of the forged notes. Nevertheless, all the evidence that had been offered did not convince the jury that the note which was the subject of

the indictment was a forged one. To put the matter beyond dispute, therefore, one of the clerks of the Bank of England was called, who deposed as follows: "This is not a bank-note. There is some resemblance, indeed; but this note is No 13,840, and we never reach so high a number; besides, there is no water-mark in the paper."

That satisfied the jury, who at once found Vaughan guilty, and he was formally sentenced to death. And so Richard Vaughan passed the Easter Monday which was to have been his wedding day in the condemned cell in Newgate! To the last he insisted upon the fact that he never intended to utter the notes, or do anything with them but procure the consent of Miss Bliss and her guardian to his marriage, and that it was his firm intention to destroy every

Seized him by the throat.

one of the notes directly after Miss Bliss should have become his wife. In conclusion, he wound up his written declaration with these words: "The verdict against me was said to be brought in upon circumstances or presumption; as my intentions were innocent, I think it was the harder to take away my life upon circumstances. And in a case like mine, to find a man guilty of death upon presumption, I think was severe; but I freely forgive the jury and all the world, and die in charity with all mankind."

Richard William Vaughan was executed at Tyburn on May 11, 1758, and made a most edifying end, addressing to the spectators from the scaffold a model little homily on their duties as Christians. So died the first forger of a bank-note. He was the precursor of many others, who far excelled him in ingenuity and skill, as we shall have occasion to narrate in subsequent articles.

An eminent barrister, having a certain vermin on his face in court, the great Curran called his attention to it. The other, rather pettishly, answered, "Surely, Curran, you joke!" "Joke, sir!" said Curran. "If you have many such jokes as that in your head, it would be advisable to crack them immediately!"

THE WAYS OF THE CRIMINAL

XXIV.—LUGGAGE THIEVES AND THEIR TAKING WAYS.

LUGGAGE thieves are probably amongst the smartest and most daring criminals that the police have to deal with. Most of our great railway stations are frequented by these preyers on the travelling public, and special staffs of detectives are told off to endeavour to frustrate the thieving operations of these impudent robbers.

Luggage thieves set themselves a very heavy task. It is no simple matter to commit a robbery under the very eyes of some of the keenest detectives in the world, in broad daylight, or under the glare of scores of electric lamps. Not only do they risk detection by the men set to watch for them, but they are also in danger of being caught by the person who owns the doomed luggage. A luggage thief must therefore be a man of considerable nerve, quick and adroit and full of tact

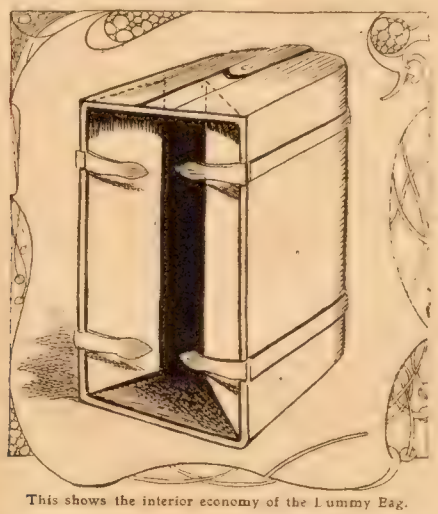
Criminals of this class who are now in various penal establishments are known to possess the characteristics set out above. They are downright clever men, quick to seize an opportunity, urbane, and of good address. Why on earth they waste their talents on crime it is hard to say. Stealing luggage is not a paying occupation. Sometimes a fairly good haul is made, but taking the whole year through the "profession" does not yield labourer's wages. In fact, if a luggage thief chose any honest occupation, he would, year in and year out, make a deal more money, and in addition he would possess a quiet conscience and would never be oppressed by the thought that at any moment he may be hauled off to prison.

How the Changed Label Dodge is worked.

As a rule these railway station thieves prey on the rich, but one luggage thief who is now serving a well-deserved sentence is probably the meanest specimen of his class the police have had to deal with. His method was to wait about near the Mansion House watching for poor people bent on holiday-making hurrying to the railway stations in the City, or the pleasure steamers which depart on their voyages from London Bridge. Most of these people getting off 'buses at the great crossing were burdened with bags and trunks,

and his ready offer of assistance in carrying the parcels was more often than not accepted with alacrity. One morning a servant girl alighted from a 'bus at the Bank, carrying a bag which contained her clothes, as well as her year's savings, which she intended to spend on a holiday at Margate.

At the moment the traffic was very thick, and the girl hesitated to cross. Up came the thief with a polite offer to carry the bag for her, and, relieved of her burden, the unsuspecting victim started to walk to London Bridge. Off darted the thief with the bag on his shoulder, but in a moment he was swallowed up in the crowd of vehicles and lost to sight. The girl waited in vain for his reappearance, walked to London Bridge hoping against hope that he was honest and had gone on there, and then when the steamer had left she returned to her home a sadder and somewhat wiser woman. But though she had to give up her holiday, she determined not to let the thief go scot free if she could help it, and accordingly next morning she posted herself at the Bank on the look-out for the robber. All that day and the next she waited



This shows the interior economy of the Dummy Bag.

in vain, but on the third morning she spotted her man, gave information to a policeman, and within a week had the pleasure of hearing him sentenced to six months' hard labour. It may be added that none of her property was recovered.

A year or so ago two young men appeared in the dock at one of the West-end police courts charged with extensive robberies at railway stations. Both were attired in full evening dress and carried crush hats. They were arrested whilst sitting in the stalls at a well-known West-end place of entertainment (their seats had cost them half a guinea each), and it was proved in evidence that they had been living in the most luxurious style at high-class London and Brighton hotels.

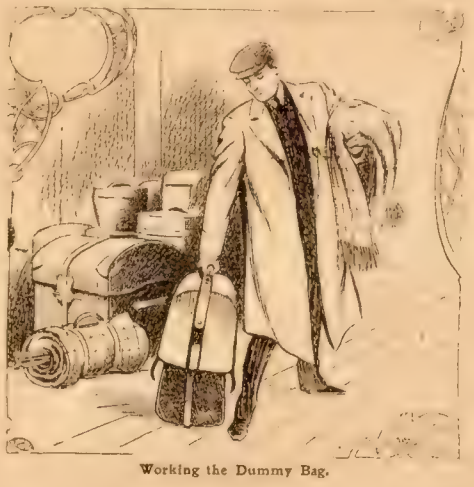
These young fellows had made a practice of travelling first-class between the Metropolis and the famous watering place, had lifted whatever luggage they could en route, and had purloined more from the hotels in which they had stayed. In the hotels one man acted as the valet to the other, waited upon his "master" hand and foot, and prepared the way for the robbery. When the coast was clear the "master" would stroll out of the hotel, hand in his key at the office, and in a few minutes would hurriedly return on the pretence that he had forgotten some important papers. He would ask for key No. So-and-So, which, by the way, was not that of his own room, which had been left unlocked, and slipping quickly upstairs would "rifle, rob and plunder" to his heart's content. The "swag" would be speedily transferred to his own room, and an hour or so later a telephone call or a telegram (this is where the "valet" came in) would call him hurriedly to town. Settling his one-day bill, he would at once drive to the station, leaving instructions for his "valet" (who was always out at this moment) to follow him by the first train. Needless to say the valet was never seen at the hotel again. Then on the way to London the pair joined hands once more, and more often than not would make another haul.

The methods of luggage thieves are peculiar, and he invariably suits himself to his surroundings. Quiet railway stations he shuns as he would the plague. He has no chance of doing business at such places. It is the great terminus or junction which suits him best. There, the eternal bustle, hurry and noise assists him in his nefarious operations. As a rule the luggage thief, unless he is posing as a servant, is dressed in the height of fashion. In the shooting season he arrives at the station arrayed for the moors, or if there is a great race-meeting on, he affects the fashion of the course, and looks for all the world the typical follower of the national sport. He carefully notes the arrival times of trains, and as a rule sends a confederate to the station, who discovers that the particular train will arrive on time or a few minutes late. Armed with this information he arrives at the station just as the train pulls in, and is the first to appear at the luggage van. Piles of bags and trunks and other travelling impedimenta are hauled on to the platform by the "careful" porters, and the thief, selecting the most likely lot, pretends to be in a great hurry to depart. He murmurs something of an important engagement or a desire to catch a train at another station, ostentatiously jingles some silver in his hand as he tells the porter to hurry, and within a few minutes is speeding away from the station in a cab, which also carries several stolen packages.

He tips very liberally, sometimes before the service is performed, and porters are only too ready to accelerate his departure from the station.

Sometimes the confederate appears in groom's livery, and the porter hands to him the selected bags. When the groom appears on the scene, it may be taken for granted that the pair have hired a private hansom, in which the spoil is driven away. Of course, if the real owner appears, the well-dressed thief quickly acknowledges his mistake, makes profuse apologies, and goes off to look for his own baggage, which, of course, only exists in his fertile brain.

One well-known luggage thief adopted an exceedingly ingenious method. It is simple but remarkably effective. The thief carries with him a gummed label, on which is written an assumed name and destination. Selecting a likely-looking bag which bears no distinctive initials or mark, he quietly sticks the bogus label on the real one. Then he



Working the Dummy Bag.

watches to see the bag put into the train, and, having already obtained a ticket for the place marked on the label, he takes a seat in a third-class carriage. When the station indicated on the thief's label is reached, the bag is tumbled out, and the swindler claiming it as his own walks away in safety.

Another class of luggage thief employ a clever machine to help them. This is a hand-bag of a large size, a dummy, the bottom of which opens inwards in two flaps, which are kept in their place by artfully-contrived springs. On the bag some initials are painted, whilst perhaps there is also a red star or some similar sign to give it distinction.

Seizing a favourable opportunity, the thief drops his bag over one which he has selected as his plunder, lifts it up, and walks away with the swag. The bottom of the thief's dummy gives way to the least pressure and swallows the portmanteau of the victimised traveller. In some cases a slit is left in the "dummy" near the handles, so that the thief can slip his fingers through and grip the straps of the stolen bag.

A travelling rug, as shown in the illustration, is another aid to luggage robberies, but it requires a man with remarkable nerve and presence of mind to work the trick successfully. And even then only small bags can be purloined, and as a rule these are not worth the risk.

Some of the more daring railway thieves spend many weeks watching and waiting for their chance. At least one big jewel robbery occupied several months before it was accomplished. One of the thieves made love to the maid of the lady of title, who was known to travel with jewels of the value of a king's ransom. The girl was nothing loth to receive the addresses of so fashionably attired and suave a man, and little guessed that he was after the treasure which was under her care. Such was the case, however. Judicious questions put to the girl gave the thieves a description of the box in which the valuables were kept, and later on the "lover" was rewarded with a view of the receptacle.

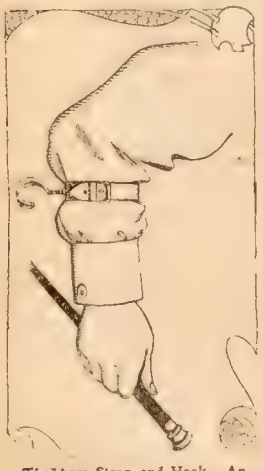
How a Travelling-rug serves a luggage thief.

The rest of the business was plain sailing. All the thieves had to do was to make a case exactly similar to the genuine one, and seize the first opportunity of exchanging them. This chance was afforded at the Paris railway station, when the maid left her charge to bid her "sweetheart" farewell.

She only had a moment for a brief kiss, but the time was ample for the thieves, who, leaving their dummy casket, went off with that containing the jewels.

Another method luggage thieves have adopted has not met with the success which its daring almost called for. This gang made a practice of watching the arrival of trains and noting those people who left luggage in the cloak-rooms. Then, hurrying out of the station with a forged imitation of a cloak-room ticket in their hands, they would assume a cap resembling that of a porter, address their victim and apologise for having given them the wrong cloak-room ticket. The forged brief would be handed to the traveller in exchange for the genuine, and all that was then left to be done was to collect the luggage at the first available opportunity.

Travellers, however, are not always free from the attention of thieves when they leave the railway station. As a general rule luggage is crowded on to the top of a cab quite carelessly, bags containing valuables being placed there with others that merely contain an assortment of clothes.



The Arm Strap and Hook. An ingenious idea used by the Rug-carrying Shark.

A couple of smart "crooks" lie in wait in dark streets near stations on the watch for four-wheelers thus laden. When one passes them, the nimblest thief springs upon the back axle of the cab, grabs the first bag within reach, and drops it into the arms of his waiting accomplice. Dark and foggy evenings are required for this class of crime, and frequently during the Christmas holidays in London the trick has been worked successfully.

To prevent this sort of thing, take your light luggage inside the cab with you, and see that a chain or rope is slipped through the handles of the heavy boxes and fastened to the rail of the cab.

Luggage thieves would have no earthly chance of success if travellers only looked after their own luggage. Frequently bags and trunks are left lying about a station platform waiting for the train, whilst the owner is in the refreshment-room or elsewhere. The only safe method is to see your luggage labelled yourself, and watch it put into the van. Then you will frustrate the smartest of luggage thieves.

THE MURDER OF MOYSE.

How WILLIAM MILLER killed an old bookseller in Red Cross Street in 1895 and made a furious attack upon a youth who afterwards gave important evidence against him.

"Then away to Heaven respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now."
—SHAKESPEARE, "Romeo and Juliet," Act III., Sc. 1.

IN Redcross Street, Liverpool—a short thoroughfare some eight minutes' walk from the landing stage, and in the heart of a busy district—there resided some eight years ago a man of advanced years named Edward Moyse. He was well-known to the inhabitants of the great seaport town and its environs, especially to those residing at Birkenhead, Seacombe, or New Brighton whose business brought them over by boat to Liverpool each morning, and who crossed the river again to return home each evening.

Moyse was a bookseller by trade, and had a stall within a matter of a hundred yards from the pier head. As a matter of fact, the bookstall in question still exists, but is now in other hands, for Moyse was brutally done to death in his own house, in February, 1895. He made a speciality of selling Bibles, and I have not forgotten the nasal cry with which he used to announce to passers-by that he had copies of the sacred volume to dispose of. It was assumed, on no very reasonable grounds, that old Moyse had saved money. He had the reputation, justly or not, of being something of a miser, and to this rumour of phantom wealth his murder may be attributed.

An old and feeble man, who had no other companion or protector than a boy, who assisted him in his business and who slept on the premises in Red Cross Street, he became a suitable object of attack to a callous villain looking for an easy victim to plunder.

Edward Moyse had never married, and he rented and lived in the upper portion of the house in Redcross Street, which bears the appearance rather of a store or warehouse than that of a habitable dwelling. The people who leased the lower portion only made use of it in the daytime, so that at night Moyse and the boy, named John Needham, aged about 14, had the premises completely to themselves.

Early in the evening of February 18 the boy was in charge of the house, old Moyse not yet having returned from his stand near the river. He was busy sorting out some old volumes which had just been left at the house for his master when he was disturbed by the entrance of a man, a tall, dark young fellow of rather forbidding aspect, whom he had never seen before. He was decently dressed, rather after the fashion of a sailor, and appeared to be about 25 years of age. He stated that his business was with the old man in reference to the purchase of some books, and asked when Moyse might be expected to return home. Needham said that he expected him back very shortly, and the stranger thereupon entered into conversation with the lad, asking some questions which the latter thought somewhat strange and suspicious. He inquired where the bookseller slept, and said that he had heard that he was very rich. Young Needham replied that he knew nothing of that, and the stranger went on to inquire if he knew where he kept his money. The boy was quite ignorant on the subject and said so, but the man was eager to learn all he could, and only refrained from further questions when Moyse himself walked in. Needham subsequently stated that the man appeared to be known to his master, for they shook hands, and the latter made some inquiries respecting several odd volumes of books which he had affected to order to lull Moyse's natural suspicions.

The old man appears to have been in a hospitable mood, for he produced some liquor, and the three—the witness, the deceased and the murderer—spent a convivial evening together. Young Needham was greatly surprised at the merry-making, for Moyse was generally very reserved with strangers, and not at all the sort of man to entertain them promiscuously. It was never clearly established, but it was more than conjectured that Walter Miller, for that was the stranger's name, was really well known to his victim, that they had had transactions together before, and that he had promised the old man some satisfactory deal held out as a bait to his cupidity. However that may be, Moyse actually pressed his visitor to remain the night, and he and the boy made up the best bed they could for him on the couch. Had the bookseller but guessed his intentions, or had any pre-

monition of what was passing through the mind of his sinister acquaintance!

Miller agreed to remain and, after some supper, they betook themselves to bed; the old man went to his room, Needham to his small apartment next the sitting-room, and the guest made himself as comfortable as he could on the sofa. What actually transpired in the night will never be properly known, nor is it clear at what hour the murder was perpetrated. But it must have been somewhere about four o'clock on the following morning when a passer-by in Redcross Street was startled to see a boy dash out of one of the houses, clad only in his nightgown, and apparently in a state of great agitation and fear.

He was immediately accosted, and it was then seen that he was covered with blood, which was flowing from some very severe wounds about the face. Other persons were aroused, and the lad was recognised at once as Edward Moyse's boy. He was asked to relate what had occurred, and he stated that he had been violently attacked by a strange man who had passed the night on the sofa. He had been

Moyse, the bookseller.

disturbed by the sound of someone moving about the place—it was not his master's footstep—in a suspicious fashion. The books were being moved from their shelves, and he could hear a sound as if drawers and boxes were being taken out and searched. Alarmed at these noises and remembering his remarkable conversation with the stranger, young Needham got up and stealthily ascended the stairs towards his master's apartment. The staircase of the old house creaked as he moved, and instantly brought a man to the top of the steps. It was the strange visitor of the preceding night.

For a moment boy and man gazed into each other's eyes. Something the boy read in the man's evil visage warned him of his own peril, and, with a cry of fear, he made a desperate dash down the stairs. Miller pursued him. He had a heavy instrument in his hands—the boy could hardly discern its nature—and with this he proceeded to batter him about the head in an attempt to murder him.

The blows were heavy and rained thick and fast, and at length young Needham fell insensible at the foot of the stairs. Whether satisfied that he had stopped the boy's tongue for ever, or whether disturbed by some sound outside, the murderer did not stay to complete his dread design, but, foiled in his search for plunder of any value, he fled the house, and was not discovered for some days after.

Needham rushed out to give the alarm as soon as he recovered consciousness, and a search of the premises was immediately instituted by the now thoroughly alarmed neighbours.

Evidences of the severe struggle between man and boy were apparent enough on the staircase, the walls being bespattered with gore, and a small pool of blood was found on a mat at the foot of the staircase. On entering Moyse's bedroom a ghastly spectacle met their startled gaze. The old bookseller was lying stretched out on his bed, and life was quite extinct. He had received a number of wounds from some heavy, blunt implement, and the attack must have been of a very violent and premeditated nature. The bedclothes and the carpet round about were drenched in blood, and it was clear that the midnight assassin had done his fell work only too well.

The police were summoned, and medical aid sought for the boy, who was removed to the infirmary and his injuries attended to. They proved to be dangerous, and it was a long time before Needham recovered from the effects of the attack.

The murderer had completely disappeared, but the boy was able to give a full description of his dress, person, manners, and voice, and the police, with one or two other clues to help them, were quite confident that he would speedily fall into their hands. The customary steps were taken to prevent the man from leaving the country; all means of departure abroad were stopped, and a systematic search was made round the docks and amidst the common lodging-houses and seamen's resorts of Liverpool. At one of these Walter Miller was ultimately captured. He had spent a miserable existence since the murder, often walking the streets all night for lack of money to secure a bed, and generally being without adequate food. He was suspected at one lodging-house where he broke his wearied limbs after an especially trying day; the police were communicated with, and his arrest effected.

Confronted with Needham, the boy instantly recognised him as the man who had attacked him, and though Miller strenuously denied that he had ever seen him or his master, none entertained the least doubt of his guilt. He made several more or less inconsequent statements besides the most solemn asseverations of his innocence, and attempted, and dismally failed, to prove an alibi. He alleged that he walked about the streets all night on February 18th, but was unable to produce anyone who had encountered him in this nocturnal ramble, and his stories could not be credited. He had been a sailor, but had lived a dissolute and irregular life, and it was known that he was extremely hard up shortly before the murder which he had so boldly planned and carried out.

Walter Miller was tried at Liverpool, before Mr. Justice Hawkins, on Monday and Tuesday, May 13th and 14th, 1895. Mr. W. R. McConnell and Mr. Collingwood Hope appeared for the prosecution, and Mr. Ross Brown and Mr. W. Russell defended the prisoner.

Only two trials at Liverpool have excited greater interest than this one. They were that of the infamous Gleeson Wilson in 1849, and of John Conway for the brutal murder of a little boy in 1891.

Needham was closely cross-examined regarding his story, which he dramatically retold in court, but he could not be induced to depart from it, and the whole account had the air of truth. No witnesses were called by the accused to set up an alibi, although he adhered to that line of defence. His counsel set forth any points that might have weight with the jury in his favour, but the circumstances were too convincing to leave room for any doubt, and a verdict of guilty was returned on the second day of the trial. The judge passed sentence of death in a speech of great but deserved severity, and the execution was fixed for the 4th of June.

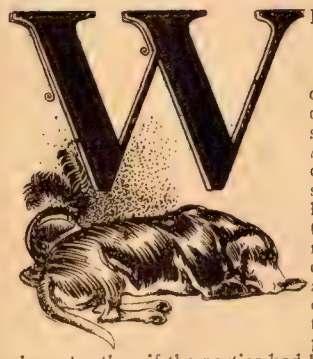
Before the day of doom arrived the condemned man lost no opportunity to protest his absolute innocence, and this he repeated at a last interview with his wife, from whom he had been apart for some time, on the Sunday prior to the execution. He was hanged at Walton Gaol by Billington, and his last words were to the effect that he had had no hand in the killing of the old man.

He went to the scaffold with some show of fortitude, but displayed considerable agitation at the very last. A confession on the part of this determined criminal would have been welcome, but there is no reason to believe that in his case justice miscarried, and that an innocent man suffered for the guilty. No, Walter Miller was indubitably the slayer of the old bookseller, and he paid the penalty of as determined and unprovoked a crime as the last century could show.

A VERY ANCIENT CRIME, IN CONNECTION WITH WHICH THE SAGACITY OF THE DOG IS MOST NOBLY DISPLAYED.

The Dog of Montargis; or, the Forest of Bondis.

"He was a hound of noble breed."
—SOUTHEY.



WHEN Charles V. was King of France, towards the close of the fourteenth century, there occurred one of those mysterious crimes which occasionally shock a whole community. Although in those far-away days murder was not considered quite in the same light as at present, the times being rougher and men's passions less under control, still, when the author and victim of the crime were both officers in the King's guard, the deed partook of a more serious character than if the parties had been of an inferior degree.

The story of the Dog of Montargis has often been told. The stage version is of the good old booth class, with a fierce struggle between the murderer and his antagonist and a terrible battle at the end between a man and a dog. The writer remembers well playing in this piece at a certain theatre in Liverpool, when the trained dog, who was the best actor, perhaps, in the piece, missed the pad about the throat of the individual playing Macaire, and almost throttled the poor fellow in earnest. That was nearly thirty years since, and the stage has altered considerably since then, "dog-pieces," as they were called, being voted "low"; still, there used to be plenty of excitement in them, and a well-trained dog was a valuable asset to his master. This, however, is by the way. Therefore, we must to our story.

The original version, without any extraneous embellishments, as far as we can find, runs very much as follows:

In the reign of Charles V. an officer, named Macaire, attached to the King's bodyguard, fell violently in love with one of the court ladies. His suit was not favoured, however, the lady showing a decided preference for a young gallant named Aubry de Montdidier, who was Macaire's comrade in service. In vain did Macaire urge his appeals to the lady; she firmly and almost disdainfully repulsed the suitor.

Stung to the quick by her treatment, and witnessing every day the favours she bestowed upon his rival, Macaire's jealousy burst all bounds; but not being certain of vanquishing Aubry de Montdidier in open combat, which would have been in accordance with the customs of the age, he resolved upon the dishonourable course of murder to get rid of his enemy.

By base dissimulation and treachery he lured his rival to the Forest of Bondis, near Paris, under the pretence of a hunting expedition, and while alone in the thickest portion of the wood with poor Montdidier, he villainously struck him down and murdered him. But there was a witness of this dastardly deed that Macaire had little reckoned upon.

Montdidier had been accompanied to the forest by his faithful hound, and the intelligent animal, returning from hunting up the game, was just in time to see Macaire strike the fatal blow. The hound immediately attacked the murderer, but was successfully beaten off for a time, while Macaire buried the body of his victim in a ditch, and, turning, fled back to Paris.

The dog was too grief-stricken then to follow, but lay mournfully down on the grave of his master, and there remained till hunger compelled it to rise. It then went to the kitchen of one of Aubry de Montdidier's dearest friends, where it was welcomed warmly and fed.

In the meantime, the sudden disappearance of the young officer was the theme of most anxious speculation on the part of his mistress, and, indeed, of all his friends, for Aubry de Montdidier was a very popular young man. Anxiety led to inquiry, but nothing whatever could be learnt about him, except that his hound had made its appearance alone at the house of Aubry's friend, where, having eaten ravenously of the food given to it, the animal had set off, no one knew whither.

After a time the dog presented itself again at the house, ate, and took its departure in the same manner as before. This having occurred several times, it was resolved to follow the animal and see if any clue could be found to its master's whereabouts, dead or alive. This course was accordingly followed, with the result that the poor brute was seen to come to a pause upon some newly upturned earth, where it set up the most pitiful wailings and howlings. These cries were so touching that the persons who had followed could scarcely mistake them, so they immediately fell to work digging into the ground at the spot. There they found the body of Aubry de Montdidier, with wounds upon his body to show that he must have been attacked from behind, and in that manner slain. It was clearly a case of murder, but by whom perpetrated there was no evidence to prove. The body was at once conveyed to Paris, where it was decently interred in one of the city cemeteries.

As may be supposed, the young court lady to whom Aubry had been attached, and who was so deeply in love with him, was terribly cut up over the discovery, but as weeping could not restore the dead to life, she resolved to do all in her power to avenge the murder of her lover.

After the funeral of Montdidier in Paris, the dog which had mourned him so sorrowfully became a faithful attendant upon the dead officer's friend, already mentioned, and followed him everywhere in the most affectionate manner. While accompanying him it chanced several times to catch sight of Macaire, and on every occasion it sprang upon him with the most terrible fury, and would have strangled him had it not been taken off by force.

This intensity of hate on the part of the animal awakened a suspicion that Macaire had had some share in Montdidier's murder, for, as has been said, the wounds upon his body bore horrible testimony to the foul deed. Charles V., being informed of the circumstances, wished to satisfy himself of their truth. He caused Macaire and the dog to be brought before him, and beheld the animal again spring upon the object of its hatred. The King interrogated Macaire closely, but the latter would not admit that he had been in any way connected with his comrade's murder.

Being strongly impressed by a conviction that the conduct of the dog was based on some guilty act of Macaire, the King ordered a combat to take place between the officer and his dumb accuser, according to the practice in those days between human plaintiffs and defendants.

This "ordeal by battle" having been ordered by the King, the greatest excitement was aroused, not only in court circles but throughout all France, and even in foreign countries, for it had never been known before in any land that a man should fight a dog in this fashion. Of course, it being the edict of the King, Macaire could in no wise shirk the encounter, and great preparations were made for the fight at the Chateau of Montargis, which in those days stood on the isle of Nôtre-Dame, at Paris.

On the day appointed a mighty assemblage took their seats around the wide arena in which the combat was about to come off. It was something to glut the human appetite for novelty, for horror, and for blood. The audience were attracted by the same lust which in the days of old drew thousands to witness the gladiatorial combats in the Coliseum of Rome, and which still draws its multitudes to the bull-fights of Spain. It is the worst side of our nature, no doubt, which makes such bloody sights attractive to us, but it is there latent in the kindest of us, and we cannot deny it.

The King had given Macaire permission to wield a strong club as a defensive weapon with which to beat the hound back, while, on the other hand, the only self-preservative means allowed to the dog consisted of an empty cask, into which it could retreat if hard pressed.

At length the combatants appeared in the lists, Macaire, tall, dark, and scowling, with the club in his hand and a gleam of fierce desperation in his eye, while the dog seemed perfectly aware of all that was expected of him.

Macaire bowed to the King and the assembled magnates, and then, to the sound of trumpets, the encounter began. The dog circled around and around its human antagonist, with teeth showing, and a dull red fire in its eyes. The man faced it at every point, with club on guard. The spectators

held their breath, for it was evident this was to be a battle to the death.

Round and round crept the dog, watching for an opportunity to make its spring, while Macaire, ever on the defensive, tried to cow the animal with his eye. The hound, however, was not to be cowed. Macaire might glare as much as he liked; the dog never flinched, but, with bristling hair and low, threatening growl, continued his stealthy movement.

Of a sudden a cry of encouragement to the dog came in a lady's voice from the great crowd. It was the mistress of Montdidier who called, and Macaire, recognising her voice, for the first time faltered. The moment was fatal to him. The dog had his opportunity and took it. With one short, horrible snarl, it sprang right at the man's throat and fastened its fangs in the flesh. For a few minutes Macaire struggled hard, but it was useless. The fangs sank deeper and deeper, and, falling to the ground, he shrieked for mercy.

HE VILLAINOUSLY STRUCK HIM DOWN.

By command of the King the dog was pulled from the wretch's throat, and there and then he confessed to his crime, avowing that jealousy was his motive, and that the dog which had vanquished him had done so justly.

Shortly afterwards Macaire was tried for the murder of Montdidier and found guilty, whereupon he was sentenced to be broken on the wheel, which terrible sentence was duly carried out.

Thus ends the true story of the Dog of Montargis, a tale which has been celebrated in many a drama and poem, and has before now formed the subject for the artist's pencil.

Dogs have played their part in many a stirring tragedy, and sometimes also in comedy. There is no limit to the dog's capabilities. He will act spontaneously in the most unexpected manner, and he is susceptible almost to the same influences as man.

The affection of the dog is as strongly developed within him as his hatred, and frequent are the instances of that affection being most pathetically displayed. The story of Llewellyn's famous hound Gelert, told in beautiful verse by the poet Southey, is founded on tradition, and very likely was a real incident in Welsh history.

However, it is no use going back to tradition for tales of the canine species. We have such stories told to us every day, and doubtless some have come within our own ken.

It is not so many years since "Greyfriars Bobby" was a well-known little quadruped in Edinburgh. This affectionate creature, of the Scots terrier breed, was so attached to his master that when the human being died there was no more inconsolable mourner than the little four-footed friend who followed the coffin to the grave, and there remained when all the others left.

Time passed, but Bobby did not depart from the narrow mound of earth in Greyfriars Churchyard. Men and women might forget, but the doggie's memory was constant. When hungry he would betake himself to some charitable persons with whom he was acquainted and have a meal, but the moment it was finished he was off again to the churchyard.

Many times attempts were made to entice Bobby away from his solitary vigil, but nothing would prevail upon him to quit the melancholy spot where his master lay. There he clung, with his little black nose buried close in the grass, waiting, waiting, waiting for the return of him who held his whole little doggie heart, but who would nevermore come back to claim his devoted little friend as his own.

At last Bobby died, too, and though it may appear heresy to some, let us hope that such devotion has met its reward, and that master and dog are now united where there shall be no more parting and where sorrow is unknown.

Criminal Problems

PRISON PERSONNEL.

A COUPLE of hundred years ago the men who were in charge of our prisons were of the lowest class. In some cases they purchased their position, in the hope of making money out of the wretched folk under their care, and in other cases they were given their places through patronage, as a sort of provision for life. The prison was looked upon as a means of earning a livelihood. Is it to be wondered at, then, that we read in the old registers of the extortion practised by the governors of gaols, or, rather, by the gaolers, as the functionaries were then called? The Tower of London alone of all our prisons had a gentleman at its head, and it owed that distinction to the fact that it was a Royal palace as well as a place of confinement.

With the advent of transportation the military element entered into the prison service. Away on the plantations and convict settlements it was necessary to have troops to keep the convicts in subjection, and the troops, of course, were governed by their own officers. Thus the military governor of the settlement became also governor over the convicts. Gibraltar likewise had a military governor, for the whole administration of the Rock was in the hands of the soldiery.

Time passed, and transportation was abolished, but the military folk, having found their way into the prison service, regarded it as their own, and even to-day it is practically impossible for any but ex-army or navy men to obtain any good position in the prison service of the country. In the days when brutality was the chief qualification needed in a prison governor, and when the maintenance of discipline by means of the lash was all that was required of those placed in charge of our prisons, doubtless officers from the two services were most suited to fill the principal posts in our prisons, for they had been trained to preserve order among the free by exactly the same means. Intellectual gifts, humanity, sympathy, were all considered unnecessary in a prison governor. Let him be a martinet, and he was believed to be the right man in the right place.

Military men only believe in military men, and it is not surprising, then, that the subordinate positions in the prisons were rapidly filled with old soldiers. Thus our prisons became merely adjuncts to the army, and in the warders' quarters the manners and morals of the barrack-room prevailed.

Time has changed the qualities sought for in the superior officers of the principal prisons, though still it is military and naval men who hold the chief positions, and still the warders are mostly ex-soldiers or sailors.

It is strange that the Home Office has moved so slowly in the matter of reform. It is generally recognised now that the work of reforming criminals is really serious, and is of the utmost importance to the nation, and yet, while we have Naval and Military, Police, Woods and Forest, Home and Foreign Civil Services all properly officered, and recruited from the young and intellectual of each succeeding generation, the prison service is considered sufficiently well manned if it takes officers who have got tired of their own legitimate profession for its officers and time-expired soldiers and sailors for its subordinates.

The repeated failures to reduce crime in the country should by now have taught the Home Office that if a prison is to have a reformatory influence it must be under the control of men whose hearts are in the work; it must not be looked upon as a place in which to provide jobs for the cast-offs from other services.

To manage criminals properly and to reform them is a great and noble work, far more important to the nation than the proper maintenance of our woods and forests, for instance; yet it is regarded by the Government as of quite secondary importance, a work to be taken up haphazard by men who have given the best years of their lives to other employments. This is what makes for failure, and, more, makes the prison service looked down upon.

In the matter of the personnel of our prison service there is great room for improvement. Let the Home Office realise that there is ample scope for the display of the greatest talents in the management of prisons, and that it is a work which should be taken to seriously when young, and when the mind is not encumbered by the details of other professions or callings, and some improvement will speedily be manifested. There is no reason why the prison service should not be placed on a par with our other Government services, and have both commissioned and non-commissioned ranks, the former open to gentlemen selected by examination, and the latter filled by recruits, who should be required to pass a small examination. The commissioned ranks should also be open to those who have risen up from the bottom, just as are those of the army, for a good, practical man is really what is wanted in the superior positions.

If the Home Office is so in love with military methods, why can it not arrange its grades of inferior and superior officers on a plan similar to that which obtains in the Army? The assistant warders could be privates, while the chief warder would rank as a regimental sergeant-major. New commissioned ranks would have to be made, and they are really necessary, for to properly deal with prisoners requires a lifetime of study. Between the chief warder, the highest warrant-officer, and the deputy governor, equivalent to the senior major, there could well be several junior commissioned officers corresponding to lieutenants and captains, having a certain amount of command, and learning to command and to be effective officers. These junior ranks would provide men with the necessary experience, and would be much better for the prison service in general than taking half-pay captains from the army or navy, and making them deputy governors. With our various classes of prisons there would be no difficulty in finding work for all grades up to the governors of first-class prisons who would rank as colonels, while the inspectors and commissioners would be major-generals and generals respectively.

Once it was laid down that the prison service was a regular commissioned branch of government employ, the personnel would soon improve, and we should have men in our gaols who really studied their work and took a genuine interest in it. That is what is wanted; men who will use their intellects in the interests of the prisoners, and thus for the good of the country. There is room for large-hearted men throughout the prison service, provided that such men have brains, but until the prison service is radically changed such men will have no opportunity of using their brains.

It is said that military men have the spirit of discipline best instilled into them. Where do they acquire this spirit of discipline? In the junior ranks of the army. They could learn to enforce obedience even more effectively in the prison service were there junior ranks as I have suggested, and they would not have to unburden their minds of a lot of foolish prejudices which encumber the army man at present. Moreover, the training of the future governor would be such as best to fit him for his most responsible and arduous office. Again, the country would always have a body of well-trained men at hand, and when a vacancy in a high place occurs would not have to seek from without the prison service a man to train for several years before he is really fit to do his work. The present prison personnel is one of the principal causes of the failure of our present penal system, and we have indicated the only rational way to improve it.

The Bankrupt's Uniform.

THE Scot has always had a reputation for shrewdness, and for hating to be "done." We are not surprised then that the most harsh laws against bankrupts emanated originally from Edinburgh. At the commencement of the seventeenth century business was bad in the North, and there were many bankrupts. Scotsmen were afraid to do business with one another for fear of losing, and something had to be done. Then the Scottish Courts devised a scheme to ensure public confidence. It was ordered that in future a bankrupt was to wear a specified uniform, which was to be parti-coloured, one half brown and the other yellow, so that all should know those who had failed in business. To add to his humiliation he was to be exposed in the market place of his own town for a couple of hours on a market day, and then condemned to wear his uniform until his debts were paid. There was such an outcry against this brutal law that in 1668 the dress was made compulsory only for those who had been fraudulent in their dealings, or who had been convicted of smuggling. Shortly after the introduction of the rule into Scotland, it was also made obligatory on bankrupts in England to wear a special livery, but popular sympathy prevented the statute from being more than a dead letter, and it was repealed in 1836, when it was generally recognised that it was unfair to condemn a man to such a heavy penalty for a bankruptcy which might not be his own fault at all.

Leaves from Our Notebook.

A Singular Decree.

A LADY of Smyrna, enraged at her husband and son for having put to death a son of hers by a former marriage, poisoned both the murderers. She was convicted of the crime, and pleaded her cause to the best of her ability. C. Dolabella, who was then Proconsul in Asia, and before whom the case was tried, unwilling to acquit a woman of two crimes, which she had fully confessed, and at the same time loth to condemn a mother who had avenged the murder of her son, transferred the decision to the great Court of Areopagus. The judges, sympathising with the embarrassment of Dolabella, decreed: "That the prosecutor and culprit should appear before them again at the end of one hundred years, and then judgment should be decided on the criminal."

A Diabolical Husband.

IN the month of February, 1789, a man named William Patterson, who resided in Garden Street, Whitechapel, was arrested for the wilful murder of his wife under circumstances of the most deliberate and atrocious cruelty.

It seems that the deceased had been married to the wretch upwards of thirteen years, but that he had cohabited with another woman in the same house for a considerable time past, and that the former, having given birth to a child, was imprisoned in an empty back garret, though previously lame of a white swelling in the knee, and, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, had neither fire nor bed, but only a little dirty straw, and scarcely any covering, nor any attendant but her daughter, a child of twelve years of age, who acknowledged upon her examination before the magistrates, that she used to be sent to the deceased with bread, water, potato-parings, etc., during her confinement, and that sometimes she was not sent up with anything for two or three days together. From this cruel treatment, it appears, the poor infant died a day or two after its birth, and, what was still more shocking to humanity, was taken away by its unnatural and fiend-like father, and sold to a surgeon for four shillings!

The wretch, expecting the death of its mother, had also procured a coach to take her body away for the same purpose the evening he was apprehended. The barbarous usage of his wife had been discovered by her groans a few days before her death by a woman who came as a lodger into the next garret where the deceased lay, and on the other going into the room she implored for a drop of water, which, being heard by her husband's paramour, the other woman was forcibly turned out, and told not to come into other people's houses without being invited. This created an alarm amongst the neighbours, several of whom were abused by the prisoner on their insisting on seeing the woman and child, and they communicated their suspicions to the churchwardens, who immediately went to the house and apprehended the man and his paramour.

The corpse was found in a manner too shocking to describe, nearly overgrown with hair, and burnt in several places, occasioned by the monster's setting fire to the straw on which she lay after her decease. He was committed to Newgate for trial at the ensuing sessions, when he was found guilty and executed. His female accomplice was transported for fifteen years.

The deceased bore the character of a quiet and inoffensive person, had lived in good circumstances, and was said to have been stolen from a boarding-school by the wretch to whom she owed her death.

Answers to Correspondents

The Editor will be pleased to answer any suitable questions.

PATRIOT.—Robert Emmett, a "patriot," was executed for High Treason in September, 1803, at Dublin.

MANXMAN.—The Judges of the Isle of Man are termed the Deemsters. The term is probably derived from the Saxon word "dom" meaning judgment.

T. H. D. (Brighton).—"Old Mobb" was the nickname given to a highwayman named Thomas Sympson, who frequented the roads leading from London to the North. He was captured and hanged on the Tyburn Tree in May, 1690.

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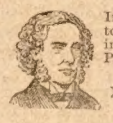

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